

Stories of the Baseball Players

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK: SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1905.

VOLUME LXXXVII. No. 1462.
Price, 10 Cents.



A CHANCE FOR A SISTER TEAM.

TWO OF THE SINGING BEAUTIES FORMERLY OF THE "PRINCE OF PILSEN" COMPANY.



RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, August 19, 1905

Entered at the Post-office, New York, N. Y.,
as Second-class Mail Matter.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$4.00 PER YEAR.
ISSUED EVERY WEEK.

FREE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
Artful, Harry Payne Whitney's Great Filly.

MISCELLANEOUS SPORTS.

Schrubbs, the crack English sprinter, is expected to arrive in this country in a few weeks.

At the close of the Brighton Beach race meeting, Sysonby had earned so far this season \$69,815.

Bicycle racing is again popular and races will be held weekly at Madison Square Garden, New York.

Governor Crane, a 3-year-old at Charter Oak Park, is stepping so fast that 2:10 speed is predicted for him.

Knapp, a young Western jockey, is giving the crack riders a hard battle for turf honors at the Eastern tracks.

The trotters, Patchen Wilkes and Mambrino King, were recently killed by lightning at Portchester, N. Y.

The best trotter in the vicinity of Cleveland is said to be Harry McKerron, 2:24½, a young son of John A. McKerron.

Ralph Rose has about decided to enter college again. Yale is the new alma mater likely to be selected by the giant burlier of weights.

Jockey Tommy Mead, who was recently injured at the Kenilworth track, at Buffalo, N. Y., is on the mend, and will soon be in the saddle again.

At the Latonia race track near Cincinnati, O., Six Shooter broke the track record for one mile and seventy yards, going the distance in 1:43 2-5. The former record was 1:44 flat.

Every horse in E. E. Smathers' stable was sold recently. The star of the sale was the 2-year-old Security, the winner of the \$25,000 Great Trial Stakes, which was sold to Pat Dunne for \$10,500.

Danny Maher, the American jockey, won three of the four races at Goodwood Course, England, on Aug. 2. The races won included the Goodwood Plate, in which Maher piloted Lord Derby's His Majesty to victory.

AMERICAN BEAUTIES

WOOING
OLD NEPTUNE
AT THE SEASHORE

GREAT DOUBLE PAGE

IN

POLICE GAZETTE

No. 1463

OUT NEXT WEEK

You will find something
WORTH LOOKING AT

SEE —————

THE BATHING GIRLS
DOING STUNTS
IN THE SURF.

Belle Gordon is the Author of PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR LADIES--It is the Best--Only Seven 2-cent Stamps

FROM THE MIMIC WORLD —BEHIND THE SCENES AND IN THE GREEN ROOM— OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Interesting Gossip Picked up Here and There About the Artists Playing the Continuous Houses.

PROFESSIONAL NEWS SOLICITED FOR THIS PAGE

Vaudeville Actors and Actresses are Requested to Send Artistic Character Photographs for Reproduction in Halftone.

Derenzo and Ladue, who are meeting with success at leading parks are booked solid until Sept. 4.

Mrs. Jules Levy has been on the Coast since March 26, playing six weeks, and then went North for six weeks and joined the John L. Sullivan

Ed C. Hays has signed for three years as principal comedian with Gus Sun's American Minstrels.

The Great Richards is in his twenty-eighth consecutive week, since January, when he severed his connection with "The Bell Boy" Company. After



MARIE GEORGE.

One of the Most Beautiful and Talented Actresses of the United States, and She is a Pronounced Favorite throughout the Length and Breadth of the Land.

Vaudeville Company at Portland, playing one night stands through Washington and Oregon, then back to the Coast, where his company disbanded.

playing the Chutes, San Francisco, Mr. Richards will spend a vacation with his manager, Mike Shay, and family, at their Summer home in Los Angeles, Cal.

Frederick Esterbrook and company, in their new musical act, have received numerous newspaper notices warmly praising their offering.

Stewart and Desmond are resting at their Summer home at Sodus Bay, N. Y. They return shortly to commence their regular Winter bookings.

Whit and Raymond, the original "Silly Kids," write that they are adding to their reputation through the West in their comedy musical acts.

The Blodgett Sisters, who were at Dreamland, Coney Island, N. Y., week of July 13, will soon start rehearsals with one of the Empire circuit shows.

Billy Beard, "The Party From The South," blackface monologist and singing comedian, reports great success with the Casino Minstrels, playing the principal Southern resorts.

Bert M. Garvey writes that after a short tour of Colorado, he is located in Denver, preparing for his Eastern bookings with a new act of female impersonations. He has added imitations of Mlle. Otero and Josephine Sabat to his list, but still closes with his whirlwind toe dance.

Bert Somers and Scott Wible report that they are meeting with success in their act, entitled "My Hero Brother," and their advance bookings run far into the Winter months.

Gray and Graham write: "We have not lost one week this Summer, and our new act has been a hit every week. Managers say it is the best act that Mr.

Campbell and Clay are filling a few dates in parks at Baltimore, and enjoying a comfortable rest after a long season on the road with "A Rabbit's Foot" Company. In the meantime they are rehearsing a new sixteen minute magic act, of both sleight-of-hand and illusions, and will appear in vaudeville in New York City Sept. 7.

THE GOOD POKER PLAYER. Dopes the game just as horses are doped, so he wins. If you will send for Poker; How to Win, you can do the same. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

Gray has had in three years, and we are booked up until May, 1906, when we sail for London, Eng. Our original Scotch finish is far better than ever, with funny dancing."

Lizzie B. Raymond arrived from England recently.

The Pryors (Billy and Alma) are playing the Melville circuit of parks.

Howe and Decker are in their fourth season with the Barlow Minstrels, and report doing very nicely.

The Great Eugene, Juggler, has lately arrived from Australia, and will shortly play the Eastern houses.

Cook and Hall have been engaged for the remainder of this Summer by Joseph J. Flynn for his park circuit.

Kitty Emmett and Lillie McNeill are engaged with William S. Clark's Jersey Lillies Company for next season.

Charles Merritt and May Rozella are playing the Frank Melville circuit of parks with big success with their talking act.

Rice and Kemp, eccentric comedy acrobats, report that their act is a big success. They have good work booked up until December.

Jessie Nelson informs us that she is no longer connected with the Three Madcaps, but has in preparation a big vaudeville novelty.

The Clermontos (Frank and Etta) recently arrived from the provinces, and report success. They are preparing for a Fall and Winter tour.

Ruth, Nena and Harry Orville are with the Jollife Bright Lights, in the mountains of West Virginia. Business has been splendid thus far.

Harry B. Gardner is engaged at Inman's Casino, Coney Island, for the rest of this season. He is engaged with Klaw & Erlanger for next season.

W. H. McDougall has taken the management of Wayside Park, South Framingham, Mass., for the Summer, and is presenting high class vaudeville.

The Primpins, Musical Aristocrats recently made their initial bow to a New York audience with great success. They are to appear shortly on the Keith circuit.

The Three Kuhns have begun an engagement on Goldsmith's Northwestern circuit, and are meeting with gratifying success. They have been engaged for the Brigadiers for next season.

Jeannetta Martella, prima donna, has signed with Cliff W. Grant for a season of forty-two weeks, for the Empire circuit, with the London Gaiety Girls Company, to play one of the leading roles.

Gregg A. Frelinger, who was formerly manager of the Alabamia, New York, has accepted the management of Burgman Park, Logansport, Ind. This is Mr. Frelinger's second season at this resort.

The Austins, who recently arrived from the West, report meeting with success, presenting their tambourine spinning and juggling act. They signed with James Hyde, of Brooklyn, N. Y., for next season.

Al Marks writes that after playing with the Floyd R. Briggs Company this Summer, he has signed for the coming season with the same company, and reports that his dancing acts are meeting with success.

Joseph J. Flynn's Empire Specialty Company includes: Eckhoff and Gordon, George and Harrington, Willie Gardner, the Wilsons, George C. Davis, George H. Diamond and Will C. Smith. Frank Remick, pianist.

Jack W. Dempsey, Jaenette Burd and Everett Davis have joined hands and will hereafter be known as The Trio Comique, using original acts written by Mr. Dempsey. They opened in Syracuse, N. Y., on Aug. 14.

Davey and Phillippe have dissolved partnership. Mr. Davey will take a week's rest at his home in Toledo, Ohio. He will be seen in a new single act, introducing singing, talking and his original eccentric soft shoe dance.

Jeff, Healy and Lavern write that they returned from the Pacific Coast, where their act was well received in all the first-class houses. They opened in Portland at the Grand Theatre, and were one of the big hits of the show.

Charles E. Stutzman, singing and talking comedian, reports success on the Frank Melville circuit of parks, and will be with one of Gus Hill's musical comedies the coming season. This will be Mr. Stutzman's third year with Gus Hill.

The La Tell Brothers have been very successful the past three years in vaudeville, in the East, and have gained quite a reputation. They have signed for the coming season with one of Al H. Woods' productions, "Tracked Around the World."

Larivée and Lee report great success in their singing and dancing act, and are booked for next season to play principal parts and put on their act with a well-known company playing the Eastern States and Canada. It will be their first visit East in a long time.

After their engagement at the Crescent Park Theatre, Riverside, R. I., the team of Davenport and Mack will dissolve partnership. Lilla Davenport has signed with Clarke's "Runaway Girls," and Joe P. Mack joins Barlow & Wilson's Minstrels as a baritone balladist for the season.

HERE'S A FIGHTING DOG OF DETROIT, MICHIGAN, WORTH READING ABOUT

Dewey, the Famous Thoroughbred Pit Bull Owned by Archie McFeeter, a Prominent Saloonman.

HAS FOUGHT AND WON SOME GREAT BATTLES

And Incidentally Earned a Lot of Money For His Master, Who Thinks There is no Other Dog in the World Like Him.

Dewey, a pure white pit bull terrier, is said to be the most remarkable dog in America, and if half what is said about him is true there is no question about it.

Any man who owns a pit bull may be pardoned for thinking he is the best, although facts may prove otherwise. But Dewey has a record that is worth reading,



ALEX SWANSON.

The Crack Welterweight Wrestler of New York City who Bars no one on the Mat.

and that is the reason space is given him in these pages. He is a battle scarred veteran now, but his scars are marks of honor. He is owned by Archie McFeeter, a saloonman of Detroit, who likes a good horse as well as a good dog, and that he is proud of Dewey goes without saying.

During the past few years Dewey has played the star part in a drama which involved the happiness and fortune of half a score of people. Within that time Dewey has paid off a mortgage of several thousand dollars on his master's saloon. For six years he has paid the annual saloon license of \$500. He has figured in a pretty romance, has been the means of establishing one happy home in Cleveland and has captured a burglar.

Hard times were with Archie McFeeter some half a dozen years ago, or a little more. At that time Dewey was a little pure white pup—the pup of a man who afterward, it is said, became a murderer. One day this man found himself in difficult straits, and Archie McFeeter, though poor himself, generously helped him out. He never got his money back, but he got better than that—the dog Dewey.

Dewey proved himself a fighter from puppyhood up, and when he was a year old he won his first little battle. The first fight brought his master only \$50, but that was a great help to the man who needed money just then. Then, when he was less than two years old, came the battle that changed the tide of fortune for Archie McFeeter.

Dewey was pitted to fight Spider, a Cleveland champion, belonging to Harry Scheeler. At the time McFeeter was at the end of his rope. He had confidence in his dog, but he had little money to back him with, but McFeeter had always had friends, and they helped him out. That night, when Dewey entered under the glare of the pit lights, he seemed to know that his master's all was at stake.

Then Dewey went into the middle of the pit for his first great fight. On the outcome of that struggle was taken McFeeter's fortune—\$700. If that went, other things would go too. But if the man's blood ran hot

and cold by turns, Dewey gave no cause for it. He was cool, decisive and fearless. The old pit dog he battled against soon began to regard him as a general, and more scientific fighting took the place of fierce onslaughts. For one whole hour the two dogs battled, with only one minute's rest. Then for thirty minutes longer they fought. At the end of that hour and a half, when the dogs were taken to their corners, young Dewey seemed to be weakening. Despair filled his master's heart.

"But when that dog went out for the last time," says Archie McFeeter, "he looked up at me and wagged himself again, and I knew that there was the heart of a hero in him."

Few men ever saw a dog fight as Dewey fought during the next fifteen minutes. At the end of that time—at the end of one hour and forty-five minutes of fighting, with only one and a half minutes' rest, Dewey was declared the victor, and \$700 went into the pocket of his master.

For a time McFeeter's business prospered. Then there came two or three misfortunes, and at last his friends induced him to set Dewey to work for him again. A match was arranged with Mike Shay's famous Jim Dog, of Marquette, Jim Dog was the unconquered terrier of Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, and he fought at big odds. In just forty-eight minutes Dewey killed him, and \$800 went to Dewey's master.

At the very conclusion of the fight Dewey had one of his most thrilling experiences. The fight occurred on the third-story floor of a building, and as the bets were being paid off the warning came from below that a force of officers had come to capture men and dogs. There was a scurry for exits, but before any one could escape the officers demanded admittance at the door. Catching Dewey up in his arms, McFeeter ran to a window, raised it, and holding the dog out, dropped him the full distance of three stories into the snow below. An hour later a scratching was heard at the door of the McFeeter home, two miles away, and when it was opened Dewey limped in.

The next day McFeeter paid off \$600 of his mortgage, including a good amount of back interest. Dewey now became a professional fighter and a few months later whipped Henkel's famous Jap Dog, in Cleveland, and won \$1,200 for his master.

It was at this fight that Dewey played a star part in one of Cleveland's prettiest romances. There was living in Cleveland an old schoolmate of McFeeter's, a young man who held a clerical position in a bank, and who is in that same bank to-day. This young man was engaged to the daughter of a physician. But in the excitement of a bull movement in a certain railroad stock he invested his capital and lost. He had saved \$2,000 to begin a home with, but when this was wiped out, both the girl and the man realized that they must postpone their wedding for an indefinite period.

This is the point where Dewey came on the scene. While in Cleveland McFeeter stayed with his old chum.

"I've got just \$400 to my name," said the friend, in telling McFeeter his story. "At my present salary it will take three or four years to save up what I have lost."

"No, it won't!" said McFeeter, emphatically. "You can make it up to-morrow night on Dewey."

It took a great deal of urging to induce the young bank clerk to accept his generous friend's offer, but finally he did, and the next day secured odds at two to one. That night in one hour and six minutes Dewey vanquished the famous Jap Dog. That same night an excited young man rang up his sweetheart by telephone, roused her out of bed near midnight, and in a voice trembling with joy told her that he had \$1,400, and that their wedding need not be postponed a day.

A few months ago Dewey whipped Ready Money in Cleveland, and the \$1,000 he earned wiped out the last of his master's indebtedness.

Dewey also has the distinction of having captured a burglar. One night Dewey was left in his master's saloon. When morning came and the bartender arrived, he found Dewey sitting before an open door, and hidden behind the bar was the man who had broken in. Several times during the night the burglar had attempted to escape by beating the dog with bottles, but each time he was severely bitten, and in his third attempt one of his legs was frightfully torn. But just as long as the man remained quiet, old Dewey sat there and soberly guarded him, without offering violence.

LOCKE MADE RUSSELL HUSTLE.

The Broadway A. C., of Philadelphia, was the scene of a hot six-round argument on Aug. 3, between Unk Russell and Kid Locke, two Quaker City boxers. It was fight from the first, and both boys stood up and fought for all they were worth. Locke surprised the sturdy Russell by his aggressiveness in the early rounds and he staggered him several times with his right. Locke gave a good account of himself in the second and third rounds as he exchanged blows with Russell. In a great mix-up in the third round, Locke sent Russell to the other side of the ring and down with a

right smash to the jaw. Russell was up at once, and the round ended in the hardest kind of mixing. From this on Locke tired and Russell took the upper hand in the next two rounds, but Locke made a dying effort in the last round, and was game, but Russell was entitled to the credit.

POINTERS BY TOMMY RYAN.

The following from Tommy Ryan, one of the cleverest boxers that ever wore a glove, will no doubt be of interest to youngsters who are now climbing the pugilistic ladder.

In discussing his career and battles that won him much money, Ryan says:

"I had fought three fights before I ever saw another fight, and I had to get what I had naturally. I never blocked in my life. I never used my hands to whip a punch by me. I let the other fellow do the blocking and the leading. When I fought Needham he was cleverer with his hands than I was. I was green and awkward then, but I had better footwork, and I tired him out.

"Instead of blocking I always used the head slip and ducked. I seemed to take naturally to the same crouch I taught Jeffries. I also taught Jeffries to watch a fighter's left knee. When I fought Fitz he was crouched over, with his eyes on the other's knee. Every time Fitz led Jeffries made him look foolish.

"No fighter or any other man can start a punch without moving his left knee, and if you watch that and let your punch go the minute that knee moves you beat him to it. What if the other fellow is only feinting? The chances are that he opens up enough to let your punch in. I always crouched over and, coming in sideways watched that knee, and the minute he opened up I let go. I never looked in a fighter's face except occasionally to see what I was doing to him.

"That ducking may be the old English style of the game, but I think it is a good one. The high block is all right, but when you are blocking high the other fellow

A BUNCH OF BEAUTY

At the seashore in bathing suits will be the subject of the double page in next week's issue. This will be the hit of the season, and if you want something that is very choice don't miss it.

may come in below. By ducking I was never hurt in a fight. I have had my face marked up and all that, but never was hurt in the body or where I felt it afterward.

"Take again the fighter that is always leading. He gets 90 per cent the worst of it. I figured that out long ago, and I never led unless I had to. I know that referees want a man to lead in a short fight to get the decision, but most of my fights went the distance, and then it was a case of the winner getting the fight on the square. I didn't care how long a fight went so long as I could win in the end. It is all right if you can lead, but what if you don't?

"That's why I think blocking is a waste of time, and by working it a man loses many a chance to land on the other fighter. To get the best out of the game, start your punch a little before he starts his. Then you meet him coming in and you beat him to it and the damage is all on his side, for he runs into something unexpected and it is liable to hurt him some. That is where you begin to figure out how to beat him in his punch.

"You'll find—and I think it is the right way—that this is not done best by stopping to block everything and then to get set and lead yourself. It is a rule of the game that no fighter should lead with his right. He leads with his left and lets the right follow with the one-two."

SWEET MARIE MADE A RECORD.

A big crowd of lovers of harness racing gathered at the Readville (Mass.) track on Aug. 3, to witness the match between Tiverton and Sweet Marie, for a purse of \$5,000. After losing the first heat the mare won the next two in splendid form, the time of 2:04 $\frac{1}{4}$ for the second heat being by far the best of the year. The time made by Tiverton in the first heat, 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$, was also very fast, and the third heat was trotted in 2:06 $\frac{1}{4}$, making the race the fastest three heats ever held.

HARRY EDELS LOST.

George Ashley, the Fall River, Mass., boxer, was awarded the decision over Harry Edels, of Boston, at Providence, R. I., on Aug. 3, in a fifteen-round argument.

The fight was rather a tame affair for the first nine rounds, Ashley doing all the leading, and landing but lightly on the Boston man, who had a decided advantage in height and reach.

From the ninth to the thirteenth round Edels landed some pretty hard uppercuts and fought very well in the clinches, but he was decidedly awkward and utterly unable to follow up any advantage. In the last two rounds Ashley went at Edels in a way that made the Fall Riverites yell, but he was unable to put him out.

THE ODDS IN POKER
Can be discovered, and the chips will be in front of you if you will get and study a copy of *Poker; How to Win*. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

Al Ginger, of New York, will box any boy at 118 pounds

Alex Swanson, welterweight catch-as-catch-can wrestler, will meet any man at the weight.

John Lantz, of 3005 Preamble avenue, Pittsburgh, would like to engage in a bag punching contest.

John McCauley, of 66 Catherine street, New York, will match Kid Allen against any 110-pound boxer in the business.

Peter Carellas, managed by Andrew Barbour, of Savannah, Ga., will ride any middle distance bicyclist in the country.

George Morris, manager of Jack Williams, the wrestler, is willing to match him with Carl Ramson, the Terrible Swede.

Mike Kerr, the mute pugilist, who has been out of the game for some time, is now very anxious to take on any of the 130-pound boxers.

Kid Crosta writes that he would like to meet any 118-pound boy in Philadelphia, Willie Lucas, George Jones and Danny Dougherty preferred.

Nicholas Statakos, a barber, of 394 West street, New York, challenges any barber to equal his feat of lifting 400 pounds two feet from the ground.

I would like to play any banjo player in Brooklyn to decide the championship of that city.—Charles J. Fletcher, 360 South 4th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

As manager of Fred (Dummy) Wall, of Augusta, Ga., I hereby challenge Jack Munroe, the Butte Miner, to battle for any number of rounds.—D. A. Whitley.

On behalf of Billy Rhodes I issue a challenge for him to box any man in the world at 142 pounds for a side bet up to \$500.—T. T. Arnette, Hotel Ashland, Kansas City, Mo.

H. W. Harliv, of 514 John street, West Hoboken, N. J., announces that he is willing to defend the title of champion waltzer of New York and New Jersey against all comers. His time is 5 hr. 5 min.

W. J. White, of the U. S. S. Brooklyn, would like to match Charles Ward, at 126 pounds, who claims the title of champion featherweight of Uncle Sam's Navy. Ward has never met defeat in the ring.

I am just now boxing in good form and would like to get a match with some of Philadelphia's good boys at 112 pounds, preferring Griff Jones, Nick Hollywood, Jimmy Farren, Reilly or Benny Franklin, of Baltimore.—Eddie Wallace.

Jack Williams, the Philadelphia boxer, denies that he is afraid to meet Jack Blackburn, and



KID ALLEN AND HIS MANAGER.

John McCauley will Match this 110-pound Boxer Against Any Ambitious Mit Artist at the Weight.

writes that he is ready to meet Blackburn at any time, and has requested his manager to make the match, which the Philadelphia fight fans are anxious to see.

Jacob Hoch, the German wrestler, now in Europe, is hot on the trail of Hackenschmidt, and has many admirers abroad who think he would make it interesting for the Russian Lion. Hoch weighs 240 pounds, and has defeated some of the best wrestlers in Europe.



THE GLADIATOR GIRL, BOTH STATUESQUE AND BEAUTIFUL.



KITTIE KRUGER, NOTED RIDER WITH THE GREAT HALL SHOWS.



HERE'S A BUNCH OF DAINTY MISSES FROM THE "SEMINARY GIRL" COMPANY AND THEY ARE ALL RIGHT.

HAVE YOU AN EYE FOR BEAUTY?

GLANCE OVER THIS PAGE AND YOU WILL FIND SOME CHARMING WOMEN OF THE STAGE.



TOMMY DALY.

A 130-POUND BOXER OF NEW YORK WHO BARS NO ONE AT THE WEIGHT.



W. H. RICE.

SPORT AND LUMBERMAN OF BUNA, TEX., AND JACK, HIS 40-POUND FIGHTING DOG.



A. FLETCHER.

BOXING INSTRUCTOR, MANHATTAN CLUB, OF PHILADELPHIA.



A. D. SMILEY.

CRACK SHOT OF CO. B, 30th INFANTRY, FT. CROOK, NEB.



H. BARTH.

TRAVELING MAN FOR DENVER, CO., LIQUOR HOUSE.



H. W. HARLIV.

HE IS A WEST HOBOKEN, N. J., DANCING MASTER.



J. S. BLOCKER.

ONE OF THE POPULAR BARBERS OF BEAUFORT, S. C.



G. MORRIS.

WELL-KNOWN MANAGER OF WRESTLER JACK WILLIAMS.



JOE GANS AND HIS AGGREGATION.

THE M. S. G.'S OF BALTIMORE, MD., HEADED BY THE FAMOUS COLORED BOXER, WHO WILL MATCH THEM AGAINST ANY AMATEUR TEAM IN THE COUNTRY.

THE WRESTLING GAME

IN ITS DIFFERENT BRANCHES

PAST AND PRESENT.

Brutality and Unscrupulous Tricks of Olden Days Have Been Replaced by Scientific Methods.

A MOVEMENT ON FOOT TO PREVENT FAKING.

No Good Results, so Far as the Public is Concerned, Come From a Grappler Meeting a Pugilist in a Handicap Match

In the wrestling struggles of the long ago, when the sport had its real modern beginning, the ordinary attire was worn, but nowadays the wrestlers divest themselves of anything in the way of superfluous weight, or what is calculated to interfere with the perfect freedom of their movements. The ancient Greeks and Romans, for instance, wrestled in a state of complete nudity, or with a strip of cloth around the loins. Modern wrestlers wear skin tights on their lower limbs, with arms and torso bare. In Turkey, however, leather drawers are the rule, and the grip may be put upon them. In Switzerland, the drawers or the belt may be grasped in order to secure a hold. Then, in the earlier Grecian and Roman contests, the bodies and limbs of the wrestlers were plentifully anointed with oil and grease, the object of this undoubtedly being to prevent a hold being secured by an opponent. Our modern articles of agreement, however, state explicitly that no oil or grease shall be used, and as a set-off to the method pursued by the ancients, who rubbed their hands on the sand in the arena, wrestlers of to-day are debarred from using resin, drug, or any preparation in order to increase the tenacity of their hold.

Again, brutality is sternly repressed to-day. Practically any hold or method of procedure was allowed in the days of old. Men might strangle, gouge, or snap the limbs of an adversary, provided they had an opportunity of doing so. But in a modern match the strangle hold is not allowed as a rule, neither is the full Nelson, or the hang, and many referees even refuse to allow the "arm-across-the-mouth" hold, although it is occasionally brought into use when the contest is under purely Lancashire rule. No matter what may be said, there is absolutely no brutality attaching to modern wrestling. Men are competing to-day who were before the public twenty years ago, and a man may remain very near the head of his profession until he reaches 50 years of age. Jack Carkeet, for instance, is 42; Joe Carroll is 34, and Tom Jenkins is 32. These are but three, and although it cannot be denied that a wrestler has reached his prime at 40, the fact still remains that skill and experience go far to balance a handicap in the matter of years.

And now, just a brief explanation concerning the various styles. Taking Greco-Roman first, no tripping is allowed; every hold must be above the waist, and the struggle is fought out upon the mat. This is not edifying, but the contest terminates when both shoulders are pressed down. Wrestlers in the Cornwall and Devon style compete in strongly made jackets, all holds being above the waist, or on any portion of the jacket. Kicking is now declared to be foul, but tripping is allowed, and a man is beaten when two shoulders and one hip, two hips and one shoulder, or both shoulders before any other portion of the body, touch the ground.

Under the Cumberland and Westmoreland system the men stand chest pressed against chest, and chin on the opponent's shoulder. The grasp is round the body, one arm under and the other over the shoulder, each man joining his hands behind his opponent. Kicking is forbidden, and if both fall together the bout is recommenced. When one goes down before the other, then the fall is gained.

In Ireland the style is termed collar and elbow, the wrestlers gripping the elbow with one hand and the collar with the other. Neither must loose his hold until the fall is gained, victory remaining with the man who may be able to retain his feet. In Scotland the style is a hybrid one, two points, or both shoulders, being down, and the fall then gained.

Catch-as-catch-can, however, is without a doubt the favorite style at the present time, and despite the fact that some ground work is absolutely unavoidable, every bout is bright and interesting from beginning to end. Any hold is allowed excepting those previously mentioned, the full Nelson and the hang, together with the strangle hold, and the hammerlock where amateurs are concerned, the leg work being an especially strong feature when the champions are concerned.

The good wrestler is as supple and as light as a ballet dancer, and there is little advantage to be gained in going to the mat and allowing an opponent to work above you. Brute strength is not so much a necessity as in Greco-Roman wrestling. Celerity of movement is the life and soul of catch-as-catch-can; a quick twist, and the expert has a grip on his man that he cannot escape from. The story of David and Goliath may be repeated. A little fellow, a born wrestler, will beat a bigger, but a clumsy, man every time. The English wrestlers are, as a rule, found at their best in the ranks of the twelve-stone and thirteen-stone men.

The suggestion has been made in this country that it would be a good idea to bar wrestlers from meeting boxers on the mat, but it is a difficult matter to see just how that will be done.

Many fake bouts have been held between fighters and wrestlers, and rarely is one on the level.

The grapplers, realizing that they could make some money by meeting fighters of reputation on the mat, consented to deals that would not be countenanced in a contest between two wrestlers.

There are very few fighters in the ring who are capa-

ble of holding their own on the carpet with experienced and well seasoned wrestlers. It is true that a pugilist makes wrestling a part of his daily training stunts. It is a fine exercise and helps to strengthen and develop muscles that aid him in his fights. But few of them become adepts at the game, just as there are very few wrestlers who make excellent scappers.

When a fighter and wrestler agree to a match on the mat the affair is sure to be a handicap one, that is, the wrestler undertakes to throw the fighter so many

the exhibition bouts at the local theatres. These contests are usually for fifteen minutes. A lot of head spinning and unnecessary gyrations are indulged in, with the result that the outcome is a draw. Sometimes a man is thrown before the limit is reached. In nine times out of ten the affairs are rehearsed beforehand, because the monetary consideration is so small that the star grappler cannot afford to take any chances of injuring his reputation by being flopped himself. When George Hackenschmidt was in this country he stoutly refused to meet all comers unless they really had a chance with him. He said that he owed it to the public, who supports the game, to give them what they paid to see, and had no use for wrestlers who only wished to engage in exhibitions. If the man he was billed to meet had any kind of reputation or name, or was well-known in a certain locality, the Russian consented to throw him twice inside of fifteen minutes so as to give him a chance to prove his worth. In doing this, Hackenschmidt balanced any handicap that he might have possessed over his opponent. To down a big, husky man, weighing from fifty to sixty pounds more than himself, twice inside of fifteen minutes is no easy task, as any wrestler who has tried the trick will testify.

Those who went to see Hackenschmidt wrestle knew that he was going to do his best, and that they would be compensated for the outlay of their money. And when the Lion could not obtain "comers" any way near worthy of his steel he would cut out this part of his programme entirely and just pose and display his wonderful muscular development. Hackenschmidt's last appearance in the East was at Brooklyn, the night following his match with Jenkins. The original programme was that the Lion should wrestle three men and put them down in twenty minutes. After looking his rivals over the Russian thought that it would not be fair to his admirers to let them go on. He saw that they were too light for him, and that they did not have a chance to beat him or make him hustle. So Hackenschmidt went to the promoter of the match and said that it would be best for the management to secure him

body that almost sent him through the ropes. Link retaliated by sending a swift right-hand jab to Gallagher's face, bringing the blood. This angered Gallagher to such an extent that he renewed his tactics and sent such terrific blow to Link's face that it broke his nose. The bout was stopped for a few seconds. In the twelfth round Link commenced to weaken, and from that time on Gallagher was punishing his opponent in a hard manner, and at the sound of the bell Link was so groggy that he was hardly able to stand.

GIRLS IN BATHING SUITS.

There will be a Double Page of them in NEXT WEEK'S Police Gazette. There is no good of going into details, and your attention is simply called to them to give you a chance to brace yourself in advance. There could be no better subject than girls in bathing suits at the seashore. Look them over and see what you think of them. The entire Double Page would make a rather nice picture, if it were framed.

Our Halftone Photos.

W. H. Rice is an all-around sport and lumberman of Buna, Texas. He is the owner of Jack, a 40-pound pit bull, with a good fighting record.

Musician Arthur D. Smiley, Company B, 30th Infantry, Fort Crook, Neb., is one of the best rifle shots in the regiment and an all-around good fellow.

Jacob S. Blocker is the owner of Blocker's Little Gem Shaving Parlor at Beaufort, S. C. He is a prominent club man and is popular with the sporting element.

Henry Barth, who is on the road for the Lewin Mercantile Company, Denver, Colo., wholesale dealers in wines and liquors, is a popular young man, whose many friends wish him well.

Captain Ed Eichhorn, an ex-fireman, is the owner of the well-known Still Alarm cafe at Hamburg avenue and Cooper street, Brooklyn, N. Y., which is patronized by many sturdy fire fighters.

Sport, the famous gas-house pit bull, St. Louis, Mo., is owned by Thomas J. O'Meara, a saloon keeper and sporting man of 292 N. Broadway. The dog fights at 44 pounds and has won many battles.

H. W. Harly claims to be the champion waiter of New Jersey and New York, having waited, without a break, for five hours and five minutes, at West Hoboken, N. J. He is the manager of the Apollo Dancing academies.

The St. George Cricket Club, of Stamford, Conn., is the holder of the State League championship cup. Their headquarters and meeting rooms are in the Assembly Hall connected with the McLachlan Dewey Hotel, 497 Atlantic street.

A RECORD HALF-MILE.

Paced by a running mate, Frank Yokum made a new world's record pacing over a half-mile track on July 29, during the Lake Erie Circuit meet at Titusville, Pa. He turned the first quarter in 30 $\frac{1}{4}$, the half in 1:01, the three-quarters in 1:32 $\frac{1}{4}$ and rounded out the mile in 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$. The second heat of the race was paced in 2:06 $\frac{1}{4}$, thus establishing a new world's record for two heats in a race. The record was formerly held by Hetty G., at 2:06.

HOGAN'S KNOCKOUT PUNCH.

In a fight that was fast from start to finish, Patsy Hogan, of New Orleans, defeated Billy Smith, of Boston, before the Riverside A. C., Peoria, Ill., Aug. 1.

The fight was won on knock-out blow in the fifth round of what was to have been a ten-round bout.

The two men were in good condition, and while Hogan fought on the offensive, his blows were offset by Smith's good defense. The knockout came at the end of the fifth round, when an upper-cut put the Easterner to the floor for a knockout. Smith landed hard on the wind several times, but did not use good judgment in placing his blows.

LENNY BROKE HIS ARM.

A scheduled fifteen-round fight between Eddie Lenny and Young Mack, featherweights, ended in the tenth round on account of Lenny dislocating his left arm. The fight, which took place at the Leiperville (Pa.) Athletic Club's headquarters, on Aug. 1, before five hundred people, was for the featherweight championship of Pennsylvania.

Both boys entered the ring in fine fettle, Young Mack being fresh from Baltimore, where he recently fought a draw with Billy Whistler.

Lenny started the first round by landing on Mack's left jaw with his left, sandwiching a frequent right to his opponent's ribs. Lenny's left to the jaw was a continuous performance, and he tapped Mack on the nose and mouth intermittently. Mack succeeded, however, in frequently finding Lenny's ribs, but the latter generally responded with rights and lefts to Mack's face.

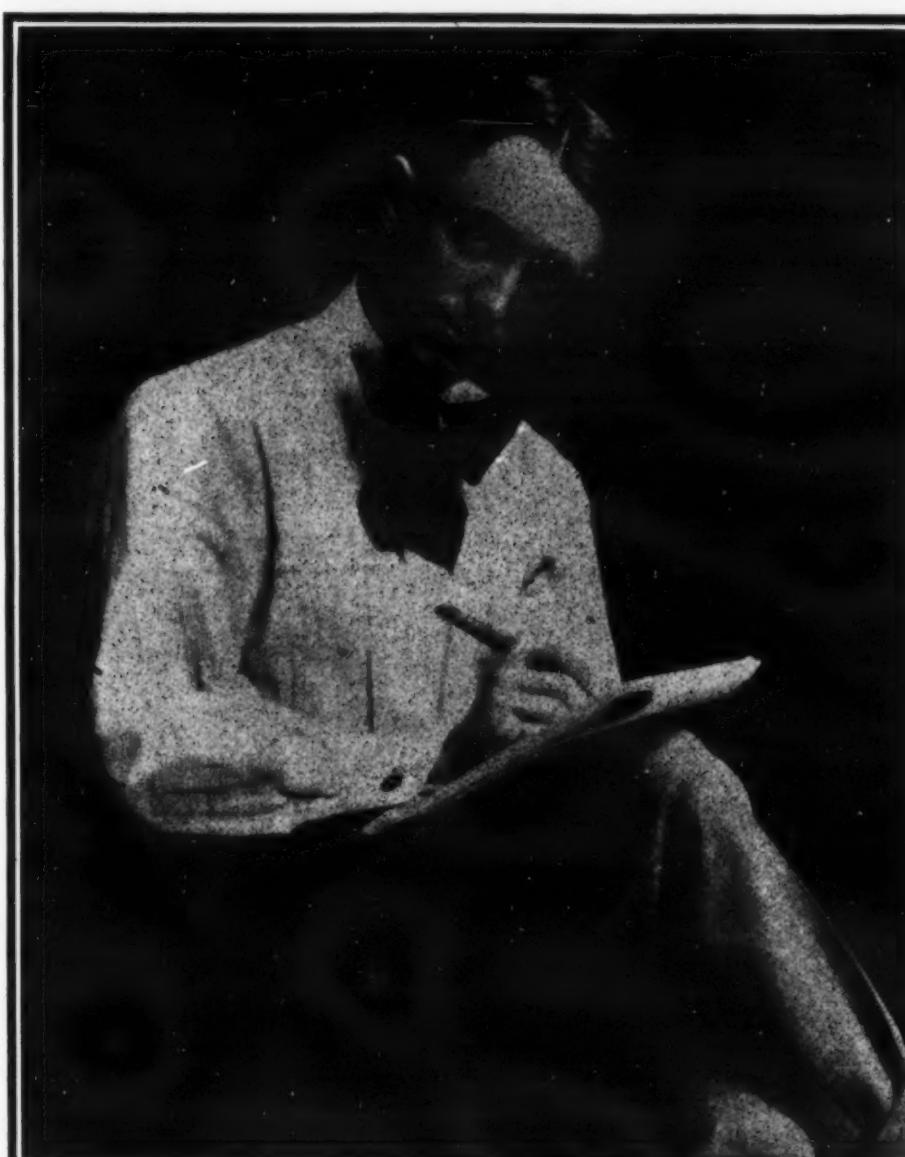
The seventh round was the hottest. The boys mixed it up finely, exchanging face and body blows in Gattling gun fashion. Lenny scored a number of telling blows in the ninth, catching Mack solidly on the jaw and ribs.

The injury to Lenny's arm happened in the third round, but was not perceptible until the tenth, when it was noticed that Mack was boring into Lenny's ribs, his opponent offering no defense, being helpless.

"Something is the matter with my arm," Lenny said to Referee Walter Schlichter, who immediately stopped the fight and called a physician into the ring. The doctor pronounced the injury a dislocation of the arm, and the fight was declared ended. Lenny had the best of the fight as far as it went.

WHEN YOU PLAY POKER

You want to play to win, of course. You can dope the game out if you know how. *Poker: How to Win*, will show you. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.



GEORGE W. COHAN.

The Brilliant Young Comedian, Composer and Author who is Starring in his own Play, entitled "Little Johnny Jones," with Bright Prospects this Season.

times in an hour. Usually it is three times. If the wrestler fails in his task he has a ready excuse and if the fighter is thrown his reputation does not in the least suffer. He will say that he is a pugilist and that wrestling is not his forte and all that. The public who go to see such contests is, as a rule, victimized. They do not see the genuine article because if the wrestler, unless he is a very inferior one, utilized all of his skill and was out to win in a hurry, would not have much trouble in putting his rival down in such quick time that the match would resolve itself into the worst kind of a farce.

A certain pugilist who has pretensions as a wrestler will not go on with a match with a wrestler unless he is assured that his opponent will not handle him roughly and will not throw him until a certain time. In this way he has been able to build up a reputation as a wrestler that does not belong to him. His followers, who are not acquainted with the inside workings of the game, have come to look upon him as a wonderful mat artist, and consequently when he appears he is greeted by large crowds.

Such matches are certain to hurt wrestling in the long run. Handicap matches, anyway, leave a wrong impression, and in the opinion of many they should be frowned upon. To many folks they are worse than

IT'S A CINCH TO WIN

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DAVE FULTZ, A VERSATILE BALL TOSSE

The Clever Centre Fielder of the New York Americans
Who Has a Great Many Admirers.

COLLEGIAN, FOOTBALL PLAYER AND LAWYER

He is a Fleet Runner, Has a Good Eye, and is a Handy Man With the Willow...
Some of His Interesting Personalities.

No. 4.

The life of a professional baseball player is not calculated to instill in diamond athletes many of the noble ideas and principles that they might absorb from a less strenuous vocation, nevertheless the proportion of gen-



CENTREFIELDER FULTZ.

He is with the New York Americans and can Bunt with Success for the Squeeze Play.

Umanly ball players who adhere to a high standard of morals and conduct themselves in accordance therewith at all times, is much greater than the general baseball public has any idea of.

A great majority of the players in the two major leagues are graduates of the corner lot school, and this experience is not exactly conducive to drawing-room manners. Of late years, the grade of salaries paid to baseball stars has brought a fine class of men into the game. Many of them are college graduates and professional men.

The many objections to the umpire's rulings and the fact that hardly a game passes but there is an argument between player and umpire, often ending in the banishment of the former, convey the impression that the greater majority of players are pugnacious and ever ready for trouble.

On every team there are from two to five "scrappy" players. They are generally men whose every thought is bent on winning, and this ambition sometimes overcomes the discretion of men who are quiet and reserved and sometimes very backward in the presence of strangers off the field. The physical strain to which a ball player is constantly subjected tends to make him irritable, especially during a game.

The successful ball player of to-day has learned that smoking, drinking, or in fact, any sort of dissipation cuts short his career, and for that reason nearly all of the veterans indulge in those pleasures very little, if at all. The ball player's active outdoor life is an uplifter of morals, for a strong vitality is seldom coupled with a debased mind.

Instead of being subjected to ridicule by their associates, ball players of deep religious convictions, and others who lead straightforward lives, are highly respected among members of their profession. The management of baseball clubs frowns on open departures from the straight and narrow path, and as a rule each man spends his spare time in innocent pleasure without interference from his team mates.

Billy Sunday, now a noted evangelist, was once a great outfielder, and beloved by all Chicago's baseball fans. He was a fleet runner, and played with the same earnestness that now characterizes his evangelistic work.

The New York American League team includes a most versatile athlete in the person of Dave Fultz, college graduate, football player, public speaker, lawyer, and centre fielder of the New York team. Fultz is a clean-cut athlete to whom a stranger warms instantly. The longer one is associated with him the more his splendid qualities impress one. He has a kind word for everybody and attends strictly to his own business, never attempting to force his principles on others.

When on the road with the New York team Fultz never fails to scrupulously perform his religious duties. A clause in his contract provides that he need not play Sunday ball. On that day he is a private citizen who goes to church and turns his thoughts to higher things.

Whenever the New York team "lays over" a Sunday in any of the cities on the American League circuit, Fultz is generally urged to address Y. M. C. A. meetings, and he has proved a capable and forceful speaker. He has a happy knack in using baseball anecdotes to illustrate his reasoning, and this combination brings him auditors who seldom otherwise attend such meetings. Since the season opened Fultz has addressed Sunday afternoon Y. M. C. A. meetings in Washington and Cleveland, and large audiences greeted him at both places.

Fultz is a graduate of Brown University, and is a practicing lawyer. He is associated with a Wall Street firm, and had intended to retire to his practice this year, but his old love for the diamond overcame that resolution. He learned to play ball at Brown, and soon after he was graduated he joined the Philadelphia National League club. He played there a few seasons, and then joined the Philadelphia Athletics when the American League entered Philadelphia. Two years ago he was transferred to New York.

In addition to being a great baseball player, Fultz was a football player of note in college circles. He was a member of the Brown team, and after graduating he played with a strong professional football team at Pittsburgh. He also coached the University of Missouri football team, and for the past two years has coached the team of the College of the City of New York.

In baseball, Fultz has few superiors as an outfielder. He is a very fleet runner and covers much territory. He is not a heavy hitter, but is considered a dangerous batsman on account of his ability to bunt safely. There are few better men on the bases. One year he was the leading run getter of the American League, and he is always in the front rank as a base runner. There are few men in the American League who steal more bases in proportion to the number of times they get to first base during the season.

Recently the Y. M. C. A. Hall in Cleveland was packed with baseball fans who gathered to hear Fultz talk on "Christianity in Athletics."

O'TOOLE BESTS LANGDON.

Tommy O'Toole had the better of Jack Langdon in a bitterly fought six-round bout before a crowd that packed the Kensington A. C., at Philadelphia, July 28, to the doors. The contestants agreed to weigh in at 118 pounds, ringside, but both were under the weight upon entering the ring.

The feeling that existed between the boys cropped out during the bout, and the big crowd was treated to

MONEY COMES EASY

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one of the best contests seen in Kensington. In the second round O'Toole cut Langdon over the left eye with a hard right hand swing, and a moment later Jack retaliated by opening Tommy under the left eye. Both men fought like tigers, and both bled freely, Langdon's cut bothering him considerably.

From the first to the last round the boys mixed it up, O'Toole having a slight advantage in the first, third, fifth and sixth rounds, while Langdon did his best work in the fourth. The second round was a toss-up. At the sound of the bell both men wanted to do more fighting.

In the preliminary bouts Young Nitchie and Young Kilpatrick boxed a fast six-round bout, with honors even. Young Clifford knocked out Tommy Boyle in the second round, while Tommy Carey bested Young Jack O'Neil in a six-round contest.

GIRLS IN THE ARMS

Of Old Neptune will be the great double page feature of next week's Police Gazette. There is a lot which might be said about these pictures, but they will speak for themselves. Get a copy and see if it doesn't make a hit with you. The only person in the world it will not interest is a blind man—or a dead one.

PUT UP A SLOW BOUT.

Jimmy Dunn, of Newcastle, Pa., and Jack McClelland, of Pittsburg, fought fifteen slow rounds to a draw before the Metropolitan A. C. of Bridgeport, Ohio, on July 31. Dunn was stronger at the close of the fight and his infighting gave him a margin in the last rounds which some thought earned him the decision.

MEYERS-GRIFFO FIGHT STOPPED.

A cry of "Police!" interrupted the fistic argument between Lou Meyers, of New York, and Young Griffon, of the Avon A. C., in an East Side dance hall, at New York City, on Aug. 3. The men had gone twelve rounds with honors about even when the disconcerting cry, which issued from some young men who had been trying all the evening to beat their way in and who had partly pushed open a door, broke up the battle.

The men had agreed to fight with a clean break, and this made it a rather tame affair. The fight was to have gone twenty rounds. The floor was wet, and this made the men cautious. Both fighters got \$50. About one hundred and fifty people witnessed the set-to. Hermon Rosenthal, the well-known bookmaker, was one of the timekeepers.

KELLY AND BURNS DRAW.

Tommy Burns, of Detroit, and Hugo Kelly, of Chicago, fought a twenty-round draw before the Pacific A. C., at Los Angeles, Calif., on July 29, but Burns robbed himself of the decision by agreeing that it should be called a draw if both men were on their feet at the end of the milling.

Referee Charles Eytan was powerless in the matter, but said after the bout that Burns had the best of fifteen of the twenty rounds and was entitled to a decision.

Tommy used a right cross with telling effect and had Kelly's eye, nose and mouth in a badly swollen condition. In the closing rounds Burns came up as strong as a bull, and forced the fighting throughout, Kelly hanging on to avoid punishment.

The men were to protect themselves in clinches, and this resulted in the most terrific infighting, in which Kelly planted some awful wallops, but Burns always came back, and in most of the rounds had the better of it. In the fourteenth Kelly was badly dazed and Burns tried his best to score a knockout, but the Italian successfully covered it under guard.

Kelly's best blow was a right to the ribs, and he stuck many in the stomach which would have been good night with many a man not in the perfect condition of Burns. Tommy was fresh and fighting like a whirlwind at the end of the bout.

JAIL FOR BOXING.

One of the first jail convictions for prize fighting in Montreal, Canada, occurred recently. Jimmy Brooks, formerly of Brooklyn, and Jack Walsh, of Montreal, who fought in a handball alley in the centre of that city, were sentenced to three months each.

FORBES SIDE-STEPPED A FIGHT.

Rouse O'Brien, of South Boston, and Harry Forbes, of Chicago, who were scheduled to meet in the main event of fifteen rounds at the Douglas A. C., Boston, Mass., recently, did not clash, as Forbes had left for Chicago. Before leaving Forbes gave as a reason for not fulfilling his contract that the club would not guarantee him the amount he wanted for his end, win, lose or draw. He also claimed that he feared the club was going to give him a raw deal, adding that he did not care to take any chances.

There were about five hundred persons present at the club, and they took the disappointment good naturedly. The club arranged a programme of bouts that satisfied the members. Kid Lenny and Fred O'Brien boxed six fast rounds to a draw. Austin Maguire and Young Freeman boxed six hard rounds and Freeman was given the decision. Billy Griffin and Jimmy Hanlon appeared in what was virtually the main bout. They went ten lively rounds, and the decision was a draw.

DUST OF THE DIAMOND

Kid Nichols has made good so far with Duffy's team.

Hugh Duffy says he expects Charley Nichols to be his winning pitcher.

Billy Lush, the New Haven outfielder, has joined the Cleveland team.

Tommy Leach is batting better since he has been playing the outfield.

The St. Louis Browns have picked up a new catcher, Spencer, from the Texas League.

Dick Cooley has made but one error in forty-four games. They miss him in Boston.

Jack Warner is still a free lance, but there is a chance that he may join the Brooklyn team.

The veteran Jimmy Manning may break back into the game as manager of the Kansas City Club.

Ban Johnson says that Connor, his new umpire, is one of the best young field directors in the league.

Jack Rothfuss, once with Pittsburg, is batting the ball hard with Lancaster, which team he manages.

Connie Mack has so tamed Rube Waddell that he is allowed to look after the turnstile while on the road.

Maloney, the leading base runner of the American League, left Chicago to come East with forty steals to his credit.

Josh Clarke, a brother of the Pittsburg manager, who was with the Cardinals this season, has been released to Toledo.

Washington paid a big price for Hickman, and he is endeavoring to show his employers that the mark set was not too high.

Jim McGuire has confessed that he is 41 years old. He has played ball for twenty-two seasons, and is still able to make good.

Berry, the young pitcher that the Boston Americans have secured from Decatur, is a left-hander, standing 6 feet 3 inches in height.

Harry Lumley, who led the National League in home runs last season, has fallen off in his slugging this year. Dahlen now leads.

James Sebring, right fielder of the Cincinnati National League team, has notified the management that he will not return to the club.

Dr. Harris White, of the Chicago White Sox, is the seventh son of a seventh son. Added to this he has one grey and one dark brown eye.

The latest story from Pittsburg now has it that Pat Powers is talked of as a successor to Harry Fullam for president of the National League.

Stahl is too considerate of one's feelings. He prefers to go a long way with a player rather than have an open breach. Stahl is holding an untenable position.

Every team in the Cotton States League has disbanded on account of yellow fever and the players are now on the lookout for opportunities to sign with other teams.

Jack Haydon, who jumped the Baltimore team for York, of the Independent Tri-State League, wants Manager Hughey Jennings to transfer him to Buffalo, but Jennings refuses.

Harry Bay's batting has shown great improvement over last year. The fleet centre fielder attributes this to an improvement in his health. It is to be hoped that his injured leg will soon be cured.

At a recent game in New York where two umpires were officiating, one called a man on third safe and the other called him out—the latter decision went.



PETER CARELLAS.

Middle-distance Bicyclist of Savannah, Ga., who Challenges any Rider in the Country. He has an Excellent Record.

If you wish to be posted on all the fine points of the game send us seven 2-cent stamps for the best baseball book ever published.

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GET A FINE HALFTONE PORTRAIT OF WILLIE KEELER NEXT WEEK, The Noted Scientific Batsman



READY FOR THE CALL OF TIME.
BRITISH JACKIES ABOUT TO BEGIN A GAME OF PUSH BALL
WHICH IS POPULAR IN THE NAVY.



Photo by Waldon Fawcett: Washington, D. C.
SIGNALLING WITH THE HELIOGRAPH.
GIVING A LESSON IN NAVY SIGNALS TO THE YOUNGSTERS
ABOARD HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP VERNON.



Copyright 1905, by Waldon Fawcett: Washington, D. C.

HERE IS A CRACK TEAM.

A GROUP OF STURDY WEST POINT CADETS WHO ARE EXPERTS AT THE GAME OF POLO AND
WHO CAN GIVE A GOOD ACCOUNT OF THEMSELVES ON ANY FIELD.

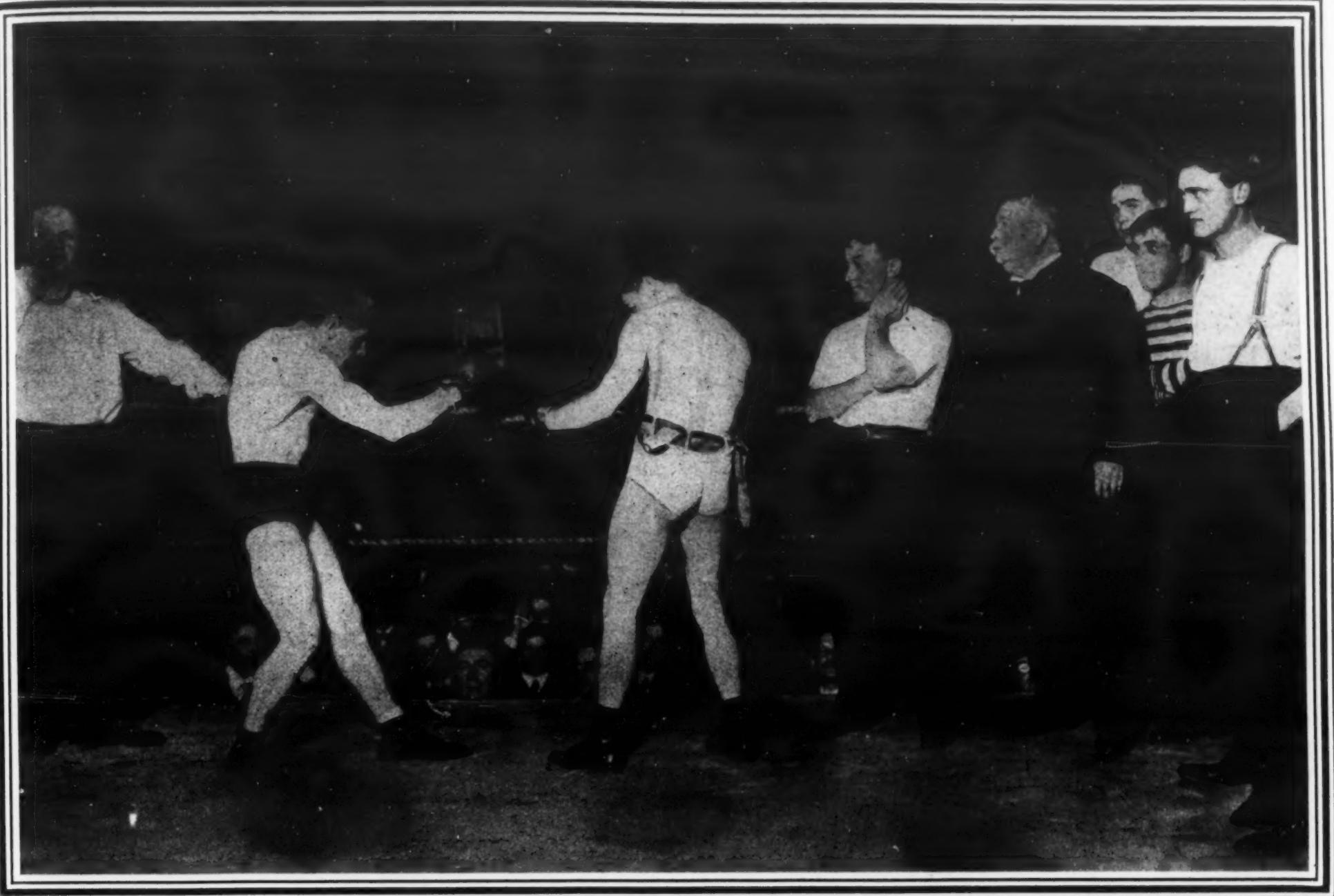


Photo by Dana: San Francisco

KID SULLIVAN AND JIMMY BRITT.

HOW THE TWO CLEVER LITTLE FIGHTERS FRAMED UP IN THE RING JUST BEFORE THE GONG SOUNDED FOR BATTLE IN THE HAYES VALLEY ATHLETIC CLUB, SAN FRANCISCO.



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A HOT TIME IN YOKOHAMA.

HOW ENTHUSIASTIC JAPS DECORATED THE THOROUGHFARES OF THE CITY IN HONOR OF THE VISIT OF MISS ROOSEVELT AND SECRETARY OF WAR TAFT.

JACK JEFFRIES WANTS

-FORMER CHAMPION BELIEVES HIS BROTHER CAN WIN-

TO FIGHT FOR THE TITLE

Jack Johnson, the Colored Champion, Tries His Slugging Powers Upon the Human Punching Bag.

NEW COMERS WHO HOPE TO SHINE IN FISTIANA.

California Again the Pugilists Mecca--An Ex-Amateur Champion Shows Splendid Form--Small Talk Among the Fighters.

The name of Jeffries will continue to be a potent attraction in the world of pugilism, for the announcement comes from a no less satisfying authority than the famous champion himself, that his brother Jack will soon bound into the limelight as a claimant for the distinctive honor now void by reason of his own retirement. This is the bare fact as given out except that the new aspirant will be piloted through his career by the former champion himself. Jack is big enough to earn the honor he aspires to, but when he essayed to be a fighter several years ago he failed to show any qualities which might suggest an aptitude for the game, and a defeat or two at the hands of ordinary men soon removed him from the list of fistic eligibles. Since then he has been engaged as trainer and sparring partner to his famous brother, and has probably learned much that will be useful to him in his new capacity as a belt hunter.

Marvin Hart might begin his champion campaign by fighting the junior Jeffries, and failing this, he will probably never know what a peaceful moment is until he fights Jack Johnson, the negro premier, again, for the latter's friends are insistent upon another battle for their man.

Johnson is a slugger and boxer of no mean ability; in fact, he is one of the best big men in the ring. But Johnson is colored, and the color line has been drawn by Hart, who, following in the footsteps of his predecessor, Jeffries, who so graciously donated the heavyweight championship to the Kentuckian, declares that as long as he is on top, no negro will get the chance of becoming the star of the fistic firmament. This was to be expected. Hart being a Southerner, he would be inviting trouble to fight a negro, so he says. Association between colored men and whites is not countenanced in the South, which fact is well established, and while Hart, for this reason, may have a good excuse for not fighting Johnson, he is not consistent. He once fought him and beat him. That was when Johnson was not what he is to-day, and no one can blame the negro for pressing his claims for another fight. Hart will find less worthy opponents than the colored man, but, then, race prejudice is a barrier to one of the best boxing cards that could be arranged. It's an unsatisfactory state of affairs that exists in the heavyweight and lightweight classes.

Joe Grim, of Philadelphia, would furnish a pleasing subject for students of anatomy, who marvel at his ability to withstand punishment. Every heavyweight fighter of note, barring Jeffries, has tried his punching attainments upon the Italian in an effort to knock him out without success, and there seems to be no limit to what he can endure in the way of hard punches. It was Jack Johnson's turn, the other night, to attempt the seemingly impossible task of trying to give Grim his quietus and while he did as much, if not more, than many of his predecessors in the way of handing out death wallop, it was not until the very end of the prescribed number of rounds that he landed a punch that all but did the trick. Grim was floored so many times that the spectators could not keep count of the number. Almost from the very start, Grim was covered from head to foot with his own blood and presented a very gory sight. He was game all through, however, and always came back for more punishment. He was floored nine times in the last round. The last time, just four seconds before the gong sounded, Johnson landed a terrific right hook on the point of the jaw. Grim dropped to the floor like a log. After throwing his hands above his head as he fell, there was not a movement of a muscle in his whole frame. The referee started to count, but as he called off four the gong sounded and although the Italian was knocked as cold as a man could be, Johnson does not get credit for what he tried for, the honor of being the first to knockout Grim.

About 5,000 persons witnessed the mill and seemed to enjoy it. Grim was knocked down twice in the first round and remained on the floor for the count each time. By a desperate effort he managed to hold his feet in the next two rounds. He went down once in the fourth and five times in the fifth. With the nine falls in the sixth he went to the floor seventeen times in all during the six rounds. He landed only one blow during the entire bout. He was there to stay the limit and succeeded. Had Johnson been practising with a punching bag he could not have shown less mercy than he did to Grim. He did not show the slightest pity for his helpless opponent. It took five minutes to bring the Italian to after his last fall.

It is difficult to "dope" out the aspirations of the new comers who have been mentioned as heavyweight championship possibilities. In every instance their expectations have been based upon hope, for nothing in their records justifies a qualification for the distinction they covet. The author of the little pamphlet on the Key of Success, says: "No matter what line you may follow, there is no short cut to success." This applies equally well to pugilism as it does to piano playing, or painting or engineering. There is no skipping over the rough places and bounding lightly into the Elysian Fields of prosperity. And the more noise you make at the outset the weaker your lungs will get and quicker your speed will diminish. When Jeffries began his ring career nobody turned in an alarm that a new fighter was coming along to wipe the heavy-

weight board clean. For several years he drifted around fighting second-raters and improving himself wherever he found a deficiency. When he knocked out Fitzsimmons in 1899 then the sporting world realized that there was no king but Jeffries.

Frank Gotch, the wrestler, is spoken of as a ring possibility. Very few people there are who can do two things at once and do them well, and Frank had better take the bunch and stick to his old graft of "hitting the mat," says R. L. Goldberg, in the *San Francisco Bulletin*. "Boomer" Weeks, a Northern fireman, also

rather, impossibilities—is that they are too speedy in trying to kick in. If they would meet hard, consistent work on an equal footing instead of going around dodging it, they would cease to be scarecrows and could possibly lure Jeff from his perch.

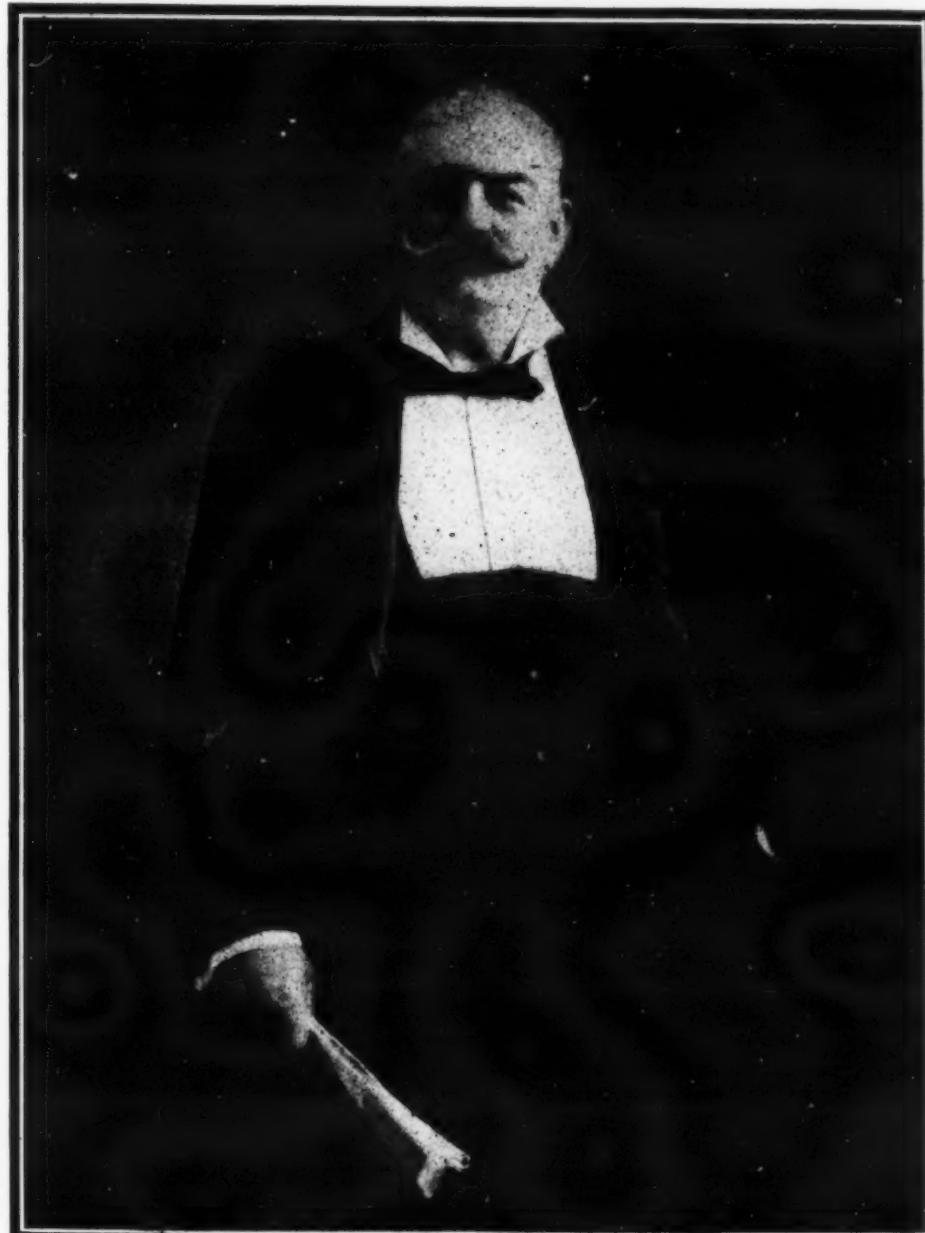
Every Eastern fighter of any consequence is trying to reach the Pacific Coast where the possibility of getting something to do is greater than in any other section of the country. Big Bill Naughton writes that the other night, at Colma, there were more visiting fighters on hand than have been seen around those parts since the palmy days of the California Athletic Club. The principal members of the Gardner family are there, and all the mates of the Britt household. Gus Rublin and his manager were on hand, and those were only a few of the men prominent in pugilistic pursuits or associated with the fighting game in other than active way.

It looks as though Colma is to be the Coney Island of San Francisco, so far as boxing is concerned. Since scrapping began in the arena down in the grass country, many fighters of different classes have been attracted to the Pacific shores. It is somewhat remarkable in view of the fact that for a year past they have had a surfeit of featherweight entertainment.

Now there are reports of all divisions in sight, and what is particularly refreshing many new faces, the principal satisfaction being that the fellows behind the faces are all performers of note in the Queen'sberry game.

Without waiting to reflect how long interest in the sport will be maintained at the present rate of furnishing exhibitions the patrons of pugilism feel like saying: "All hail the Colma Club! She has introduced variety into the scrapping business and long may she wave."

Another product of California began his career as a maker of ring history the other night, when Harry Tenny fought Frankie Neil for the bantam-weight championship of America. Neil won, it is true, but the little new comer was with him stride for stride through twenty-five terrible rounds, and only the ex-



JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

Famous Old Gladiator as He Appears on the Stage To-day Delivering His Monologue.

has the fight bug in his ear, but the best thing he can do is to exterminate the insect and go back to the hose cart where he belongs. Another ridiculous proposition is John Middle Sky, the big buck Indian, who packs around so much meat he can hardly see out of his eyes. John had a good, fat job as a policeman on an Indian reservation, and threw it up to prowl among the tribe of the paleface posing as a candidate for the title. John doesn't know what a pipe he had down there lapping up fire-water and watching the vanishing race gradually disappear. As a fighter he would have as much of a chance as a bag of old potatoes, and the quicker he returns to his home the better for him and the heavyweight game.

Ralph Rose, whose name was also mentioned in connection with Jeff's shoes, must think that the fellow who can throw his glove the furthest wins. Hammer-throwing agrees pretty well with Ralph and he had better stay with it.

Mister Hillard, of Texas, whose name is synonymous with odor, is not fit to be classed even with the hopeless section. It's lucky for him that these are not the days of the old Vigilance Committee, or else he would now be busily engaged picking birdshot out of his elephantine carcass.

The principal objection to all of the possibles—or,

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perience and generalship of the veteran enabled him to get the decision. There was a conspicuous deficiency in the fighting methods of the amateur as compared with those of the professional, although in no other essential qualification was the former lacking. He could hit and take punishment like a stoic, but as one expert who witnessed the fight said, he seemed to be at a loss what to do when he landed an effective punch. Repeatedly during the fight he would reach Neil's face, but would invariably step back and allow him to set himself. Tenny's right swing was his most valuable weapon, and the battered condition of Frankie's face gave evidence of the frequency with which it reached home. On the other hand, Neil's left, during the last eight rounds, struck Tenny's jaw with the regularity of a steam drill, but, although no fault of Neil's, failed to produce the required snooze. In the last round Tenny's seconds seemed to show evidence of a little intelligence and admonished their boy to pile into his adversary. When the gong announced the conclusion of the bout Tenny had Neil looking for a "spot to rest his weary head." Perhaps, if Tenny's seconds had sent him in sooner to rush things, he might have slid over a slumber pill on the champion.

Although the decision was met with the usual stray jeers and hisses, every fair-minded man in the house declared that Referee Roche did the proper thing. Neil clearly won on points, and, although the short-ender was naturally the most popular with the rooters, Frankie justly earned the decision. Tenny showed sufficient form to warrant his friends in asking for a return match.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

FISTIC HEROES

WHO ARE NOW SELDOM

HEARD OF

WHAT BECOMES OF THEM?

There Are Many Changes in the List of Pugilistic Celebrities.

Peeping into the pugilistic graveyard is rather a gruesome occupation but withal an interesting one to those who wonder what becomes of all the fighters who have been conspicuous in making ring history.

Since John L. Sullivan was in his prime many fighters have come and gone. Yet it is only twelve years since Sullivan was defeated by Jim Corbett for the heavyweight title.

Since 1892, when Sullivan realized what decisive defeat meant, championships in the various classes have changed hands many times. The art has improved, Old methods have given place to up-to-date ideas. Clubs have been organized and disbanded. New referees with new interpretations of the old rules have sprung into prominence. Yet the principle of boxing is the same, and will no doubt remain the same until the end of time.

Twelve years ago the sporting world was paying homage to three Jacks—John L., Jack McAuliffe and Jack Dempsey. With the exception of Dempsey they are still alive, but are dead as Julius Caesar as far as ever fighting again is concerned. There is a peculiar trait about fighters of which the public knows little. It is their disinclination to admit that their days of usefulness in the ring are over. A pugilist will do everything in his power to keep from being called a "has-been." There is nothing that pains him more than to be ignored while others succeed him in the affections of the public.

Some fighters of a decade ago are still as popular as they were in the heyday of their career. An instance is John L. Sullivan, who still retains his hold on the affections of the people. The same can be said of Jim Corbett, Joe Choynski and Bob Fitzsimmons. They have been able to keep their cognomen alive by fighting. Corbett has other ways of ingratiating himself with the public. He is a resourceful press agent and knows how to shine conspicuously in print. Corbett is intelligent and a good talker. He is now an actor, a profession that invites notoriety and fame.

Occasionally we hear of George Dixon who is now in England, and, although he fights as often as twice a month, the results of these contests rarely reach this side of the Atlantic. Yet five years ago Dixon's name as a pugilist was something to conjure with. Eddie Connolly, who fought best at the lightweight limit; Kid Lavigne, one of the best lightweight champions the ring has ever known; Young Griff of Australia, as skilled a boxer as ever wore gloves; Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, a negro who was near the top of his class; Dan Creedon of Australia, a champion in his day; Willie Curley, a top-notcher from England; Jack Downey of Brooklyn, who drew crowded houses every time he fought; Billy Ernst, Jack Everhardt of New Orleans, who had a punch that brought his man to the floor; Martin Flaherty, of Lowell, and Oscar Gardner, the Omaha Kid, who was the first man to knock Terry McGovern off his feet, are still in the land of the living, but out of the business.

Then there is Casper Leon, a bantam who was at the top of his class; Jack Hamilton, of Troy; George Green, of California, the original Young Corbett; Dan Hawkins, who had a right hand that could land the large end of the purse; Spike Sullivan and his brother Dave, as game a pair of Irish boys as ever toed the scratch at the call of time; Marty McCue, Charley McKeever, Kid McPartland, Steve O'Donnell, of Australia; Frank McConnell, of California; Mysterious Billy Smith, Jimmy Handler, of Newark; Solly Smith, who came within an ace of beating George Dixon when the latter was in his prime; Tom Tracey, of Australia; Tommy West and Billy Whistler. They are not heard of much now.

Folks wonder what has become of Rube Ferns, who was formerly the welterweight champion; Dick Burge, of England; Billy Plummer, former bantam champion of the world; Billy Meyer, the Streator Cyclone; Eddie Pierce, Jack Skelly, Billy Dacey, Jack Fogarty, Johnny Reagan, of Brooklyn, Brooklyn; Jimmy Carroll; Jim Smith, of England, and all these have laid their boxing gloves away and gone into other pursuits. Ferns is working somewhere in Kansas. Burge is in jail in England, and Plummer is teaching boxing in Birmingham, England. Meyer is superintendent of one of the race tracks in Chicago, and Fogarty is working for a well-known race track betting commissioner. Charley Mitchell has plenty of money and is playing the races. Mysterious Billy Smith runs a boarding house in Portland, Oregon; Reagan and Carroll are in business in New York; Jack McAuliffe follows the races, while Spike Sullivan and his brother, Dave, are in this country engaged in commercial business. Creedon is in Australia; West teaches boxing; Leon has a job in San Francisco and is doing well. McCue is also in business while Everhardt is somewhere around the country doing a vaudeville specialty.

Jim Hall of Australia, a wonder in his day, is in America, while his two noted countrymen, Peter Jackson and Joe Goddard, are dead. Johnny Griffin, the Braintree Lad, has also passed away. So has George Godfrey, "Old Chocolate," a negro heavyweight, whose name is revered as one of the greatest fighters of his race. Of the old-timers Tommy Ryan and Peter Maher are still before the public. Ryan is the only one of the veterans who is still a champion. Occasionally Owen Ziegler, who has a record a yard long, bobs up. Solly Smith is in California doing the best he can. Kid Lavigne is abroad, where, it is said, he is successfully teaching Frenchmen the art of boxing. The list does end here if some of the pugilists less known in their time are taken into consideration.

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Many Wagers for Our Readers.

Constant Reader, Gloucester, Mass.—He was not.

J. R., New York City.—Where was Miles McDonnell shot?....Troy, N. Y.

W. L. S., Folsom, Cal.—Jack always counts and if it was decided otherwise it was a typographical error.

J. B., Brainerd, Minn.—Who holds the world's record of one hundred yards?....Piper Donovan, 93-5 seconds.

H. P., Genesee, Idaho.—In what round was Red Hardy knocked out when he was defeated by Sullivan? Did Johnny McMartin ever whip Kilrain?....1. Have no record of the fight. 2. Not Jake Kilrain.

THE BATHING SUIT GIRLS

Will make their bow to the readers of this paper next week. You will find them on the double page. The man with the camera who took these pictures got a black eye for taking one of them; get a copy of the paper and see if you can find the fist that did the trick.

C. W. H., Grand Island, Neb.—Which wins; we have two aces to go in a game of seven-up; high-game or low-jack?....Low-jack wins.

R. J. E., Auburn, N. Y.—Send 10 cents and stamp for "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" containing all measurements and records of fighters.

D. M., East Pittsburg, Pa.—What nationality is little Jack O'Brien, who lost to Elbows McFadden in New York?....He is of Irish descent.

E. B., Astoria, Ore.—Did Jim Hall ever defeat Bob Fitzsimmons?....Yes, in Australia, although Fitz has subsequently claimed that he laid down.

A. J. P., Alexandria, Va.—What is the number of mixed beans contained in a 2½ quart jar?....That's all we have to do around here, count beans!

A. E., Caro, Mich.—In playing pitch pedro; high, low, jack, game, pedro; what counts for game, everything or the ten-spot?....Everything.

R. S., Highbridge, N. Y.—Where is William Muldoon's Sanitarium?....Rye, N. Y.

F. W. P., Utica, N. Y.—What is a dime worth dated 1841, thirteen stars?....Inquire of a coin dealer.

W. F., Hannibal, Mo.—Where is the Carl Hagenbeck trained animal circus?....Crystal Palace, London, England.

T. J. F., Fort McKinley, Manila.—Have your newsagent order it from American News Company, New York.

H. L., Silverton, Colo.—Where is Al Neill, the prize fighter?....Have no knowledge of his present whereabouts.

L. R. E., Rome, N. Y.—Send 10 cents and stamp for Police Gazette ring records, contains records of all of Fitz's fights.

A. H., Toms River, N. J.—I would like to know the present address of Sam Fitzpatrick?....Hoffman House, New York City.

B. F. S., Watervliet, N. Y.—Did Jack Dempsey have any other name beside Jack Dempsey?....Believe his name was Kelly.

W. G. J., Cleveland, O.—Have you any record of a tournament held in Canada at which a man threw an ordinary ball 137 yards?....No.

E. A., Jr., Pass Christian, Miss.—Who is the best pitcher in the Southern League?....Southern League records have not yet been compiled.

E. D., Orange, N. J.—A bets B that Perth Amboy is an older City than New York City?....Hardly. If you go back to the days when New York was New Amsterdam.

J. T. S., San Francisco.—Does any card lose its value in a game of poker? Is there any hand that beats an ace straight flush?....1. No. 2. Not if, the ace tops a king.

R. W., Allegheny, Pa.—In playing poker; a man has five cards, four of them spades and one of them a diamond, and a pair of queens; if he breaks the queens to draw for a flush and does not make it, but makes a pair of sixes, and his opponent makes a pair of eights, can the man who breaks the queens take the money on

queens or does the other man take the money? If a man breaks a pot without busters, and the pot is played, what is done about it, if the other men find it out afterwards?....1. Pair of eights wins the pot. 2. Opener loses his money; other players withdraw theirs.

Reader.—A opens pot, he calls for three cards; B calls; when B calls A has four cards, three kings; B with five cards has two pair; who wins?....A's hand is foul. B wins.

M. S., Hazleton, Pa.—A, B, C & D are playing bid pinochle. A got the bid, and A, B and C have placed their melds on the table. A played his card, so have B and C, when D discovers that he has 100 aces and



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claims his meld. A, B and C say D cannot have his meld because their cards have already been played, but D claims his meld because his card has not yet been played....D is right.

T. C., Merrill, Ore.—A bets that the featherweight limit is 116 to 122 pounds; B says not; who is right?....122 pounds is the limit. A contestant can weigh anything under that.

R. B., London, Eng.—Who is the recognized champion outdoor all-round athlete of the world (professional)?....There is no recognized professional all-round champion.

B. B. E., Boonville, N. Y.—Do you intend to publish supplements of Manager McGraw, of the New York Nationals, and Willie Keeler, of the New York Americans?....Yes.

W. J. McL., Forest City, Pa.—Pinochle; I hold 150 trumps of diamonds and 60 queens; I meld 150 trumps, draw and meld 60 queens, draw the knave of diamonds which I meld on the queen of spades, then I

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All books I have received from you are satisfactory, and I think they are the very best published on the subject of Physical Culture.

RBT. HANSON, Cass Lake, Minn.

draw the queen of spades which I meld on the knave of diamonds, which had been melded in the 150 trumps; the argument was that the last meld of the queen of spades could not be melded on the knave of diamonds contained in the 150 trumps?....The meld is correct.

J. M. C., Spring Valley, Minn.—Give me the names of some 100-yard sprinters that can go in less than 10 seconds?....Write to Lou M. Houseman, The Inter-Ocean, Chicago, Ill.

G. M.—Let me know the exact time it took to electrocute Scoloz, President McKinley's assassin?....Unfortunately we were not present on that memorable occasion and did not keep time.

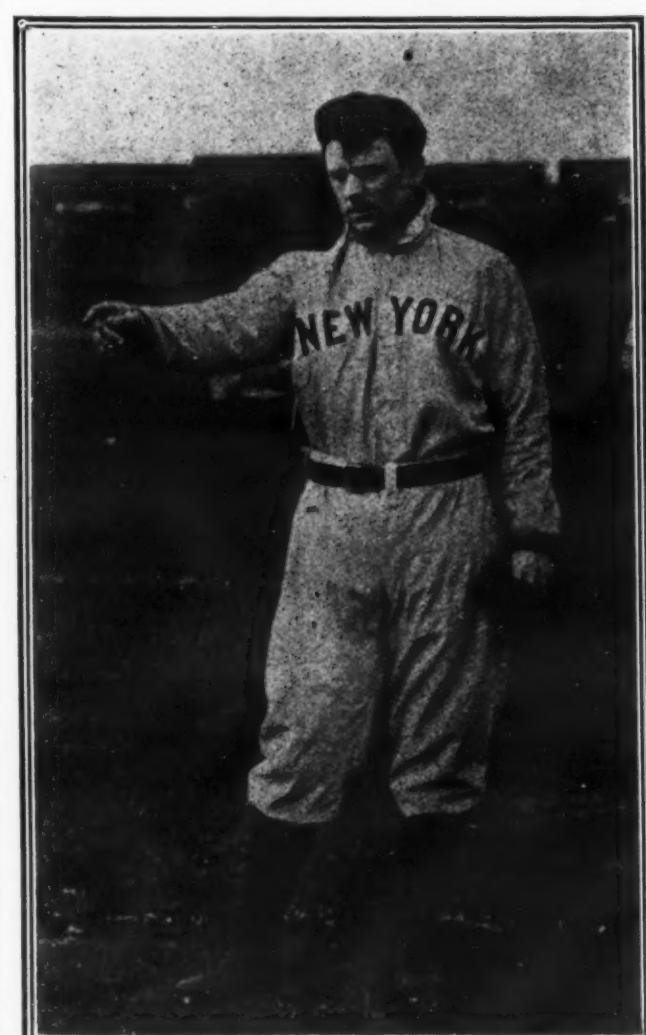
F. G., Hubbardsville, N. Y.—Let me know how Scranton comes to be in the New York State Baseball League when it is in Pennsylvania?....Because it formed a convenient playing circuit.

R. & T., Smithfield, Utah.—What is the greatest amount of feet jumped in one jump with weights?....29 feet 7 inches, by J. Howard, England. Used 5-pound dumb-bells, taking off from a wedge-shaped block raised four inches.

M. A. M., Peoria, Ill.—Three handed pinochle; A announces the following hand: 150 trumps in diamonds, 20 spades, 20 clubs and 20 hearts, and counts them all as 390; B claims they only count 350; that A cannot count the king and queen of trumps 40 more after already counting them in 150?....350 is correct.

B. M. S., New York City.—Four men play auction pinochle; partners; 1,000 out; the cards were all played out, the last trick being taken in; no one had claimed out; after cards are counted both sides are out; A claims that he is entitled to the game by taking in the last trick; B claims that they must play further, to 1,200 or 1,500 as they see fit, to decide the winner?....B is right.

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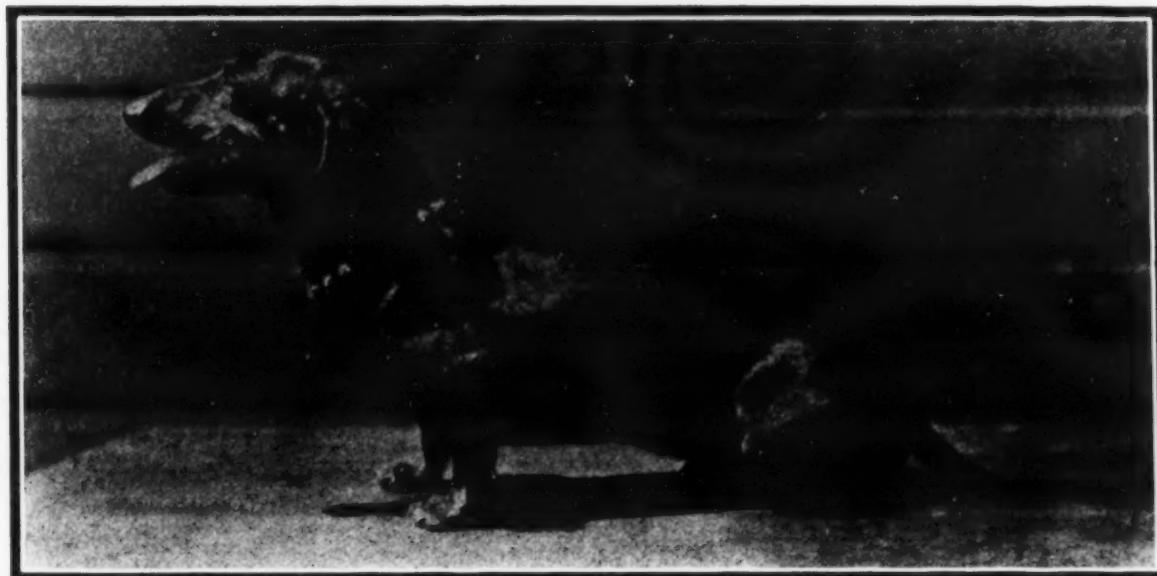
YOUNG ERNE.

HOW PHILADELPHIA'S CRACK FEATHER
LOOKS OUTSIDE THE RING.



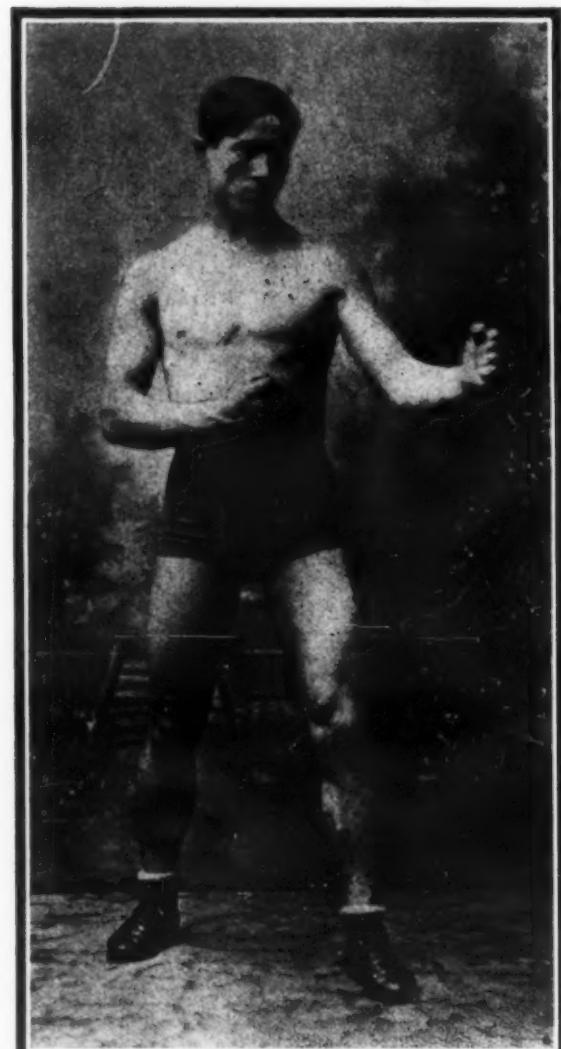
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WHO IS A HUSTLING "PIRATE" AND A GOOD WILLOW WIELDER.

A SPORTING SALOONIST

Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips in This Column.



Fred C. Thomas, of 304 Main street, Racine, Wis., is a well-known saloonist, and has a large acquaintance among the sporting fraternity in the West. Mr. Thomas is fond of sports, and is the holder of two handsome gold medals which he won at Omaha, Neb., in a bowling tournament.

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Don't talk about what you can do, but do it.

If you are clever, make your cleverness win you a medal.

If you take pride in your profession and a pride in your ability, you certainly ought to want to be a champion.

TODDY BAILEY.

(By O. Bailey, Smelter Saloon, North Globe, Ariz.) Use large mixing glass half full of water; one lump of ice; two spoons bar sugar; three jiggers of whiskey.

BRACER

That never failed to get the party started on a worse bat than before.

(By Bill Baddeley, San Francisco.)

Pony Creme de Menthe; Jigger of whiskey; dash of Orange bitters. Well shook up, strain and serve.

MOLLY MCQUILLER.

(By Billy Springfield, San Francisco, Cal.) Use highball glass with a small lump of ice; three dashes Orgeat syrup; four dashes of lime juice; good Jigger Plymouth gin. Fill up with soda or seltzer.

LOOP THE LOOP FRAPPE.

(By Frank Reda, Fulton Palace, Brooklyn, N. Y.) Use mixing glass; three dashes Absinthe; two dashes Maraschino; one drink of King William Scotch whiskey. Fill glass with fine ice, shake well, strain in frappe glass and serve.

ORIENTAL FIZZ.

(By Edwin C. B. Miller, St. Louis, Mo.) Tablespoon of sugar; three or four dashes of lemon or lime juice; juice of half an orange; one wine glass of Old Tom gin. Fill glass with shaved ice, shake, strain in fizz glass, fill from siphon and serve.

CANADA COCKTAIL.

(By John J. Laemle, New York.) Use large mixing glass filled with cracked ice; two dashes of Hostettler's bitters; two dashes of Orange bitters; half a wine glass Duffy's Malt whiskey; half a wine glass of Vermouth. Mix thoroughly with large bar spoon, strain in cocktail glass, place olive therein, twist lemon peel over top and serve.

tall glass, place olive therein, twist lemon peel over top and serve.

GARDNER THE WINNER.

Jimmy Gardner, the Lowell, Mass., lightweight, sprung a surprise on boxing enthusiasts of San Francisco, where he met Rufe Turner, one of the toughest propositions in the lightweight division, before the Colma A. C., on Aug. 4, winning by a knockout in eleven rounds. Turner was a slight favorite over the Easterner, for Gardner had never performed on the Coast. They were matched to battle twenty-five rounds and appeared before a packed house.

After the second round Gardner steadily increased his lead, and his body blows were disastrous to the colored man. The eleventh and last round ended by the Lowell man planting his left on Turner's stomach and scoring a knockout.

BATHING GIRLS

Will be the subject of the Great Double Page out NEXT WEEK. The number is 1463, and if you don't get it you will miss one of the treats of the year.

RENO "PHENOM" A CINCH.

At the monthly amateur boxing entertainment of the Olympic A. C., at San Francisco, Cal., recently, Al Kaufman, the Pacific Coast heavyweight, was down to meet an unknown for a trophy.

The unknown was introduced as Tapero, of Reno, Nev., and proved the easiest kind of a mark, going into dreamland in the first round.

The best bout of the evening was between W. J. Leonard and Jimmy Kane. Leonard, wearing the Olympic emblem, showed an exhaustive knowledge of the boxing game and fought his adversary to a standstill. Kane was all but out in the third, but managed to remain on his feet till the end of the contest. Leonard's clean work easily won him the decision.

In the third go A. Whiteman was recognized as none other than Tanglefoot McIover, the newsboy with the fly-paper supports. In the third Tangle took a long lingering pipe at the automatic clock and called for an arm chair. Graney stopped the affair and gave Ford the decision.

Willie Dwyer, of whom the Olympians expected so much, took a beauty sleep in the second round at the hands of Joseph Kane. Although Kane's makeup was three-fourths gone he floored Dwyer three times in the second round. Kane's last "flooring" was Willie's undoing.

J. Scott, an Olympic man won from A. Kahn on points. Kahn was game, but lacked the science of his shifty opponent. H. Williams, who crouched so low that his face is always on intimate terms with the floor, put out lanky W. Rauch with a right to the jaw in half a round.

W. Dempsey won on aggressiveness from J. Johnson in four rounds, although Johnson did clever work throughout the contest.

Although W. Vandercook put up a game fight against Matt Granfield, Matt landed the cleanest and most effective blows. Vandercook did good work in the clinches. The decision in favor of Granfield, the Olympic man, was well received. Willie Wolfe had little difficulty in stowing away Jos. Woods with a right on the jaw in the second round. Eddie Graney acted as referee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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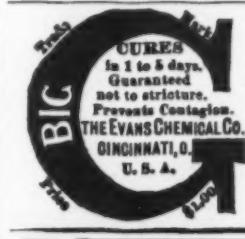
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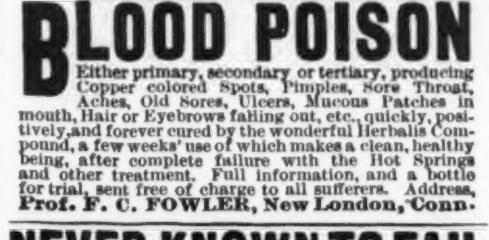
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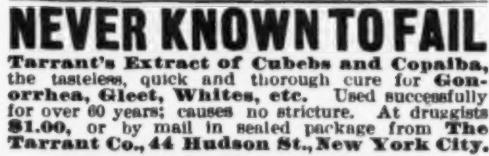


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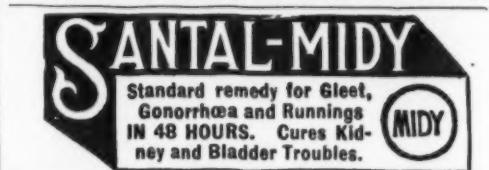
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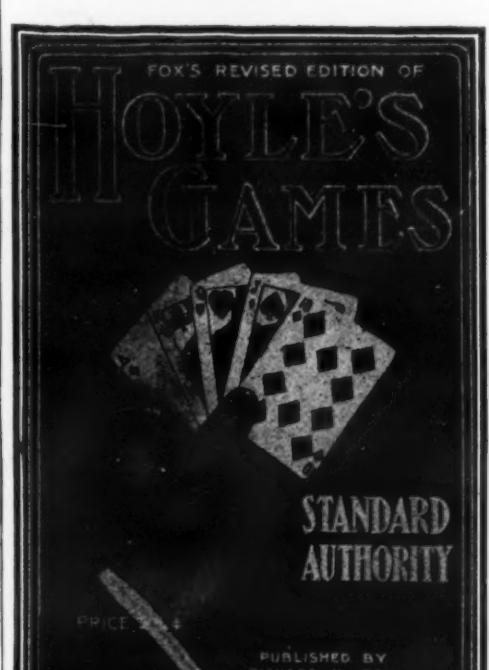
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PUGILISTIC NOTES.

Tommy Murphy wants to meet Abe Attell in a twenty-round bout.

It is rumored that George Dixon will shortly return to this country.

Gene Seward and Pat Kirk fought a fast six-round draw at Atlanta, Ga., recently.

Fight critics predict that champion Jim Jeffries will again appear in the ring before long.

The fight fans of San Francisco want to see Kid Sullivan in another battle with some good man.

Bob Fitzsimmons is back from his European trip and says he intends to get back into the ring.

Jack Root, who is now in 'Frisco, is beginning to stir up things for a return match with Marvin Hart.

Jimmy Farren and Benny Reilly recently fought a ten-round draw before the Hudson A. C. at Baltimore, Md.

Bob Fitzsimmons has decided to tour the country this Fall with a theatrical company, accompanied by his wife.

Cocker Tweedie, well-known in America, recently defeated Jack Ridgeway in ten rounds at Kalgoorlie, Western Australia.

Owen Moran, the English bantam, who recently returned to England writes that he will again visit this country in a few weeks.

Hughie McGovern and Johnny Crow, a Pacific Coast bantam, who has many admirers, will meet to settle the question of supremacy, at San Francisco during September.

At Natal, South Africa, recently, Jack Grace, the globe trotting pugilist, met Barney Malone in a twenty-round bout, and lost the decision on points.

AUSTRALIAN WON.

Al Neill, the California middleweight boxer, who has been visiting in Australia, met George Johns, who was in this country some time ago, and made a favorable impression.

The men met at Sydney, Australia, recently, and Johns was awarded the decision at the end of twenty rounds.

From first to last the battle was clean and clever and a genuine treat. Each stripped in splendid condition, and acted up to appearances all the way. Such a good display of footwork has not been seen in Sydney for a long time. Johns' cleverness beat many fierce-looking swings from the enemy, and the people laughed at Al's discomfiture; they were also much amused when Neill's smothering had George sorely perplexed, and both were vigorously applauded for their skill.

The star rounds of a contest that bristled with exciting situations and skillful movements were the sixth, tenth, thirteenth, fifteenth and nineteenth; in each of these the pair treated the house to a series of stirring battles.

Neill tried hard from the sixteenth to the end to wipe out his shortage, which was not much, and he made the pace cracker, sending in vicious punches, but the Australian proved just a bit too clever, and as he notched points when opportunity offered, Al's brave effort proved a trifle unfruitful.

COE'S NEW RECORD.

A world's record was smashed at the meet of the Amateur Athletic Union, at Portland, Oregon, on Aug. 6, the greatest athletes in the country contested.

R. W. Coe, of Boston, put the 16-pound shot 49 feet 6 inches, the best previous distance being 48 feet 7 inches. The Easterners took most of the events, with California a good second and Portland third.

The 100-yard dash was won by Parsons, of the San Francisco Olympic Club, in 94 seconds; Archie Hahn,

of Milwaukee, and Clyde Blair, of Chicago, finished second and third respectively.

Hugo Friend was first in the 125-yard hurdle event in 16.5 seconds, and Lightbody, of Chicago, won the 880-yard and mile events. In the former, A. Rose, of Chicago, was second, and Garcia, of San Francisco, third. In the mile, Glarner, of San Francisco, was second, and Verner, of Chicago, third.

The 440-yard went to Walter, of Milwaukee, in 49.5 seconds, with Gorman and Arthur Rose in second and third places. Walter also took the 220 low hurdles in 25.5 seconds.

The pole vault went to Roy Heater, Portland, height 11 feet 6 inches.

The running broad jump was won by Friend, of Chicago. The distance was 22 feet 10½ inches.

The event of the day was the sixteen-pound shot put. Coe's nearest competitor was Ralph Rose, of Chicago, whose distance was 47 feet 4½ inches.

Plaw, of San Francisco, won the sixteen-pound hammer throw. The distance was 163 feet 4 inches.

The only New Yorker who got a place was James J. Mitchell, of the New York A. C. He threw the fifty-six-pound weight 83 feet 1 inch, outdistancing Plaw, of San Francisco, and Ralph Rose, of Chicago.

The discus throw was won by Rose, who threw 117 feet 5 inches.

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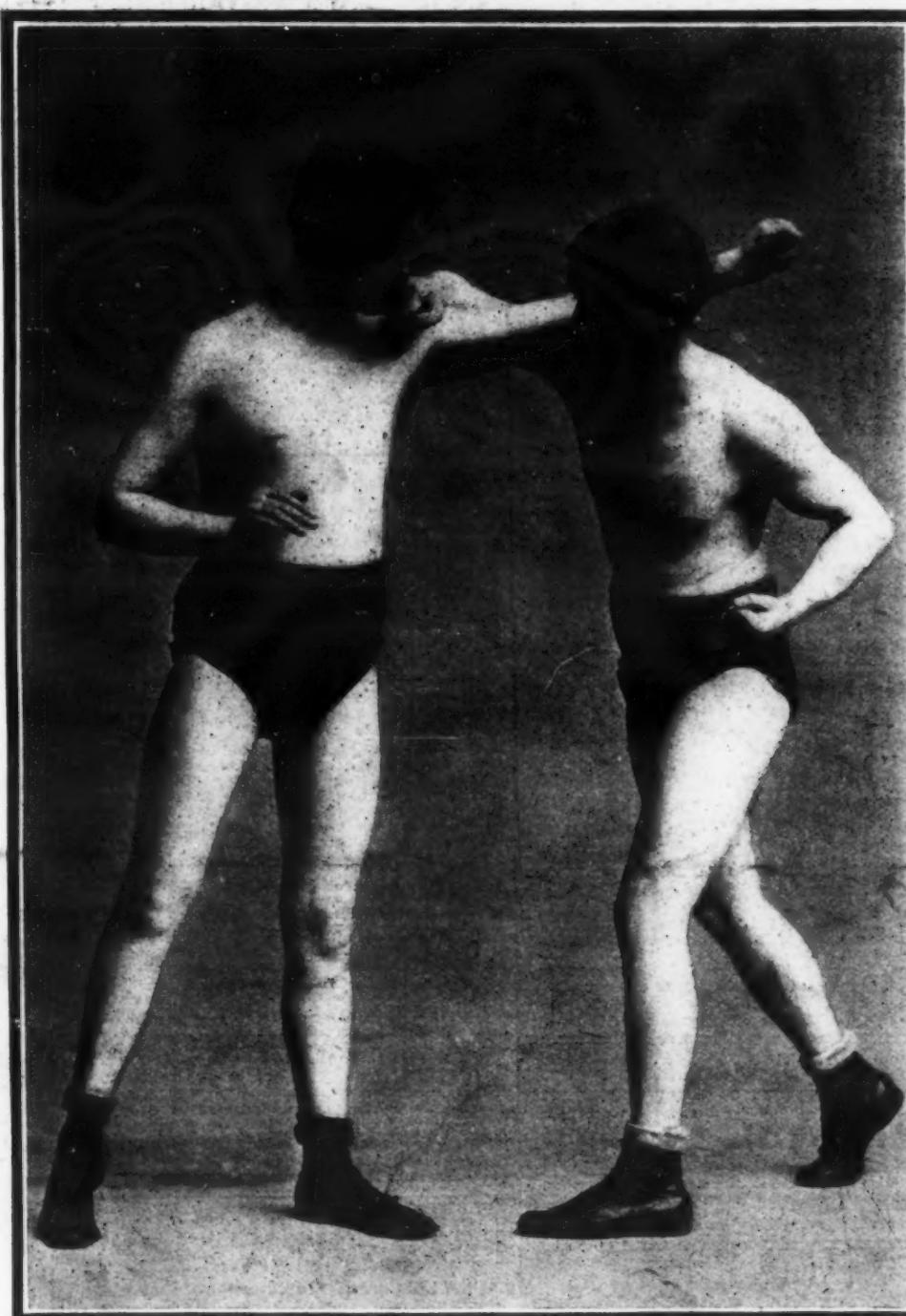
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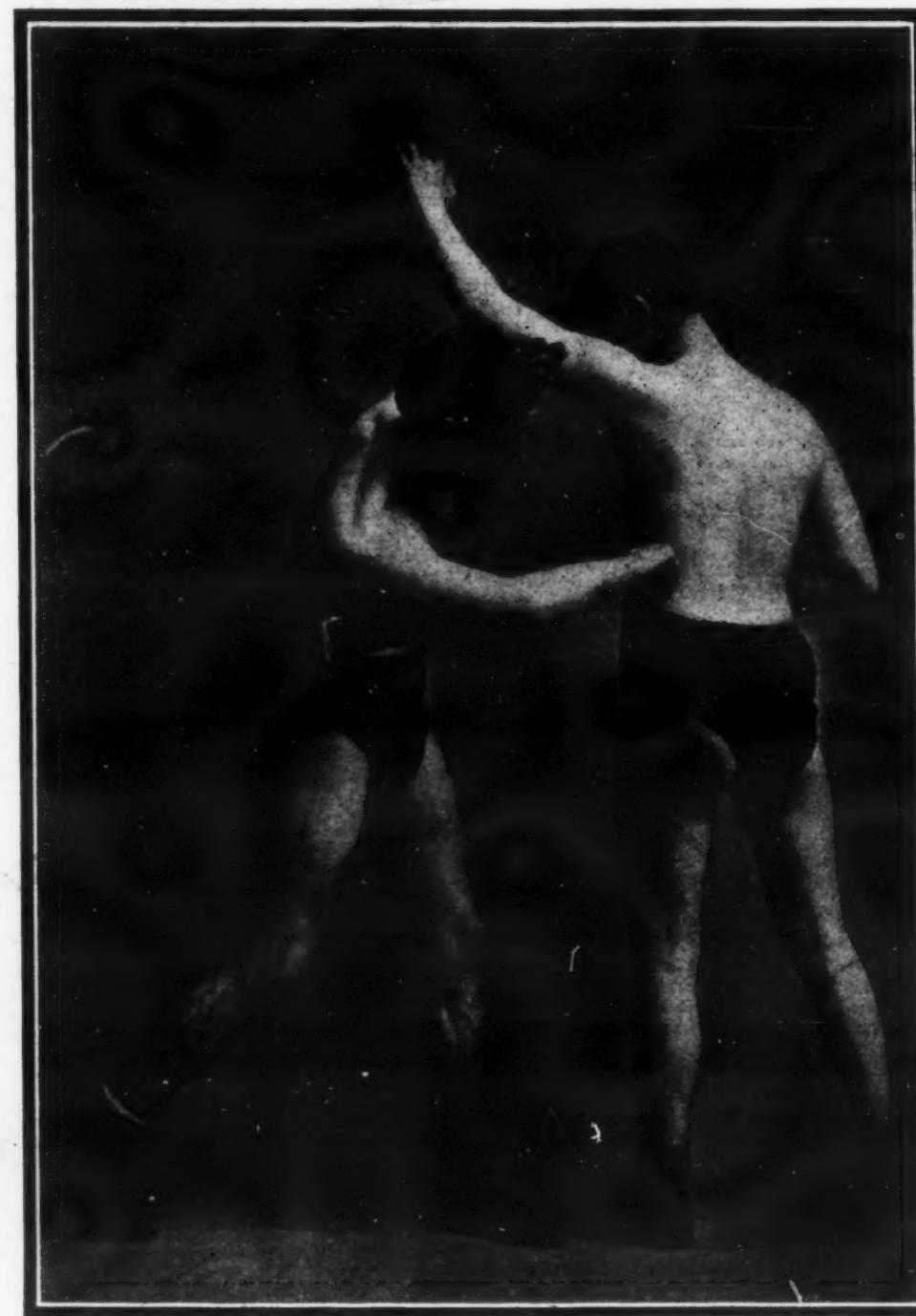
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